

The Nation

Vol. XXX., No. 17.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1922.

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	607	TOWARDS AN ECONOMIC REVIVAL.	
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		—I. The Pessimistic Outlook	615
The Governing Mind of		A LONDON DIARY. By A	
France ...	610	Wayfarer ...	617
Financial Chaos, and the		LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. By	
Way Out. By Brougham		Arnold J. Toynbee, H. J.	
Villiers ...	611	Massingham, and Rev. W. F.	
THE WAY OF THE IRISH REVOLU-		John Timbrell ...	618
TION. From Our Represent-		POETRY:—	
tative ...	613	Concert-Interpretation ...	619
REFLECTIONS IN INDIA. — I.		THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By	
Too Late? By Our Indian		Our City Editor ...	620
Correspondent ...	614		

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him. All communications and MSS. should be addressed to the Editor, THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM, 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C. 2.]

Events of the Week.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has announced at Glasgow that there is to be no election pending the completion of the Irish settlement; but each of the two parties to the Coalition has spent the week in organizing against the other. As Mr. Masterman shows in an interesting article in the "Westminster," the fight is almost concluded. Sir George Younger's attack on Mr. George's electioneering policy is merely the sequel of his highly successful war on Mr. George's party in the constituencies. The Prime Minister will do his best for his friends, but his following is merely a shadow of his variable mind, and every day sees some fresh reduction of its tenuous outline. So conscious are the "Liberal" Coalies of their futurelessness, that their action is now almost limited to the humble effort to find a *maison tolérée* under the signboard "National" or "National Liberal," and to live there with a mixed company of Liberal and Tory principles. Thus the Fisher resolution, to be moved at their Conference, affirms a form of Liberal Imperialism, which a second resolution defines (on the vital economic issue) in a jargon of demi-Protectionism. The tactical appeal will probably be to free or moderate Conservatism (which is in Lord Robert Cecil's hands) and to commercial Liberalism, which is mainly in Mr. Asquith's or Lord Grey's. But the policy of facing both ways is out-of-date. Most of the electors have either a definite and implacable quarrel with Coalitionism, or are hiving off elsewhere.

M. POINCARÉ has accepted the succession to M. Briand without hesitation, and indeed the whole course of events makes it pretty clear that the change has been brought about by the close joint action of President Millerand and M. Poincaré. He announced that he aimed at a national Ministry drawn from all parties (with certain obvious exceptions). There was no response. The Radical "Socialists" met and decided that none of their adherents should join. One is not surprised that M. Herriot, of Lyons, a sincere progressive and assuredly no nationalist, refused: the remarkable thing is that he was invited. M. Viviani also refused, and so did M. Tardieu and others of the Clemen-

cist group, for reasons, one supposes, rather of tactics than of principle. The personal feud between M. Clemenceau and M. Poincaré was one of the most vivid things in French political life. Oddly enough, M. Poincaré took over more than half of his Ministry from the Briand Cabinet—a sufficient proof that that Cabinet must have been sharply divided. M. Loucheur, a man of compromise and business "deals," is excluded. The only notable personality in the Cabinet is M. Barthou, who has made some anti-English speeches in the Chamber of a startling vehemence. The Cabinet as a whole is decidedly conservative, and may possibly be more vulnerable in its domestic than in its foreign policy.

AN exchange of telegrams between the two Prime Ministers, which appeared in Wednesday's papers, is decidedly illuminating. M. Poincaré, in a cordial message, leads up to the significant conclusion that the two "peoples" will be capable of assuring "by common accord in the maintenance of peace in Europe the execution of the Treaties which they have signed, and the reparation of the losses caused by invasion." Mr. George is equally correct, but more argumentative. He agrees "to the steady maintenance of the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles," but he winds up by pointing to "the higher task of bringing the European peoples together in a just and abiding pact of peace." It is pathetic and it is tragic. Mr. George is tied to the Treaty. He made it. He signed it. He dare not disown it. But he wants "a just and abiding pact of peace." It is something to have Versailles condemned even in this indirect way, but it is perfectly obvious that M. Poincaré does not mean to abate one detail of its rigors, nor to advance one step beyond it. To accord a guarantee in these conditions is to bind ourselves, in effect and by implication, to the whole Continental system of France.

CANNES has broken up in confusion and left the whole reparation issue unsettled. The nearly completed arrangement which we outlined last week was dropped, and in its place what can be only a provisional agreement was adopted. The plan of payment laid down last May is suspended, and Germany is to pay instead a sum of £1,550,000 every ten days, in foreign currencies. That amounts to much more in the year than the highest of several figures suggested at Cannes. Further, she is told to balance her Budget, revise her system of taxation, stop printing money, alter the legal status of the Reichsbank, stop the subsidy on bread, and raise the price of coal to the world level. As for the last item it is nearly satisfied, and, of course, the taxation of coal has always been very high. The bread subsidy is to be dropped gradually: the first step means a sharp rise of 75 per cent. in prices. That, of course, will be followed by a rise of wages, and that in turn by a fall of exports. As Dr. Rathenau told the Supreme Council, the value of exports is still £100,000,000 below that of imports, on last year's figures. While that is so, one does not see how Germany can pay the indemnity save by selling marks abroad, and so continually depreciating them. While that process goes on the printing of money cannot stop, and the Budget will never balance. Meanwhile taxation makes an apparently insoluble political problem, and the rise of bread prices will not tend to assuage the internecine strife of parties.

THE Italian Government has now sent out its formal invitations to the Genoa Conference, and there is little doubt that it will meet there in March. The difficulties come from France. M. Poincaré objects to conferences generally. He is even opposed to further meetings of the Supreme Council, and would prefer to deal with Mr. Lloyd George through the ambassadors. He stands, in short, for the old technique, as well as for the old policy of alliances. Of the Genoa Conference he wrote on the eve of taking office that it will be a "noisy demonstration" (*manifestation tapageuse*) in which France may lose, and Germany gain, everything. He will probably not attend in person, but may send M. Viviani. Much more serious is his veto on the discussion of any political questions. It is to confine itself to economics and finance. That seems to rule out both the recognition of Russia and the proposed general pact against aggression.

* * *

THE discussion of the proposed one-sided guarantee of the French frontier continues in the French Press, and was presumably debated by the two Prime Ministers in their brief meeting in Paris. The French view seems to be substantially unanimous if we exclude the Socialists and Communists. (1) It insists that the one-sided guarantee is humiliating: what it desires is a general and mutual alliance between Britain and France. (2) It asks for a guarantee of Poland also, and some even suggest Tchecho-Slovakia. (3) It proposes a precise military convention stipulating the extent of our assistance. (4) It is dissatisfied with the term of ten years, and asks for a longer term or automatic renewal. So far as can be gathered Mr. Lloyd George is not disposed to yield the first three points, but may concede the fourth. The danger is extreme that his need to produce at Genoa something which looks like a success and can be used for electioneering, may induce him to go further in making concessions to France than even he contemplated at first. Public opinion, we imagine, was a little bewildered and uncertain while the Conference was still sitting in Cannes. But the revelation of the real mind of French politicians which came with its break-up has turned both Liberal and Labor feeling very sharply against the conclusion of any exclusive pact with France. "With all or none," is Mr. Clynes's motto.

* * *

THE Washington Conference is rearing its end, and the chief outstanding task is to complete the drafting of resolutions which will look as though something real had been achieved for China. They contain what reads like a very decided condemnation of spheres of influence. But the problem of getting the Japanese out of the Shantung railway system is no nearer a solution. Worse still, the Japanese do not budge from their position that the instrument defining the Twenty-one Demands is a sacred and inviolable Treaty. It carves out spheres of influence all over the map, if indeed it does not make all China one vast Japanese sphere. But apart from that the Conference has ignored the practical issue. Whenever a foreign national syndicate gets a railway concession, especially if it goes on (as usually happens) to acquire the coal and minerals near it, a *de facto* sphere of influence is created. The Conference has achieved something. It has ended the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. It has stopped Anglo-American naval competition. But one cannot solve the problem of armaments while economic imperialism survives.

* * *

THE self-revelation of French policy, first at Washington and then at Cannes, has made it almost

impossible for anyone not of their race to remain their partisan. Since Lord Northcliffe's quarrel with Mr. Lloyd George, the "Times" has often seemed to be the mouthpiece rather of French than of British policy. At last, a remarkable article by Mr. Steed, in Monday's issue, opens with the heading, "French blind to facts," and closes with "French isolation." He describes how, to his knowledge, the French delegation left Paris penetrated with the belief that the United States and this country were in "intense conflict," and that the Washington Conference was "in reality a formidable American offensive against Great Britain." They hoped to trade upon this conflict as the "honest brokers." Their actions in America under the influence of this odd delusion caused in Americans "an amazement that did not readily pass away." Mr. Steed explains how the resentment aroused in America by French naval policy caused the failure of the proposal for an Economic Conference under American leadership. The Genoa Conference and the proffered pact were then invented in hope of making a European situation which would invite American co-operation. Another and still stranger delusion, according to Mr. Steed, explains the sequel. Many Frenchmen, indeed the leading persons in politics, imagine that we are "in a sorry case," that our political and economic power has so far declined as to make us more nearly "negligible" than we have been for generations, and consequently more in need of an Anglo-French agreement than France. For the rest, France can bear isolation well enough and can extract reparations *manu militari*. The diagnosis is illuminating, and one may take it as an "inside" view.

* * *

THE Provisional Government for which the Irish Treaty provides was formed last Saturday at a meeting in the Mansion House. The members elected for constituencies outside the Six Counties at the election of 1918 were summoned by Mr. Griffith. Mr. de Valera's followers (fifty-seven) abstained. Mr. de Roiste, a Cork deputy, presided. Two resolutions were adopted, one ratifying the Treaty, the other electing the Ministers of the Provisional Government. Three members of the Dáil Cabinet do not appear in the list of provisional Ministers, notably Mr. Griffith himself. Mr. Griffith, by this arrangement, escapes the difficulties that Mr. de Valera thought were inseparable from his taking office as President of Dáil Eireann, while Mr. Mulcahy, as a Minister only of Dáil Eireann, will be able to give his instructions to the Army in the name of the Republic. There is thus no danger of trouble over discipline. The Unionist members made their first appearance at a meeting with Republican deputies, for the four representatives of Trinity College attended and gave their support to the Free State.

* * *

MR. MICHAEL COLLINS is, of course, the head of the Provisional Government. Within a few hours of their appointment, Ministers had to deal with the situation created by the railway dispute, for a strike had been announced for Saturday midnight. The news that Ministers had arranged for a postponement of a month came as a great relief to Dublin, and it was taken as a welcome sign that Ireland has a Government. On Monday, Dublin Castle was formally handed over to Mr. Collins and his colleagues by the Lord-Lieutenant, who made a short speech wishing the new State prosperity and congratulating Ministers on their success over the railway strike. The formalities were of the simplest

character, but their significance was appreciated by the large crowds in the streets outside the gates. In the evening the new Ministers issued a statement to the effect that the "surrender" of the Castle had been received, and that for the present the functions of the existing departments would be continued. Later the Government issued a proclamation ordering law courts, corporations, judges, and public servants to carry out their functions until and unless otherwise ordered, pending the constitution of the Irish Free State.

* * *

Two members of the new Government crossed to England the same night to discuss arrangements for transfer with the British Government. One question is immediately pressing. Prisoners who have committed crimes in England have not yet been released, and it is certain that the new Government will press for this. Irish feeling runs high on the subject, and there is no case for excepting them from the general amnesty, unless it is to be contended that property is more sacred in England than in Ireland. Their detention is unfair to the new Government, whose difficulties are serious at the best, for the opponents of the Treaty naturally make the most of every opportunity that is given to them. The amnesty, it is claimed, should include the men of the Connaught Rangers who mutinied in India. On February 7th there is to be a national convention of Sinn Féin organizations in Dublin, which will be attended by nearly three thousand delegates. This was decided at a meeting of the High Council last week, at which thirteen supporters of Mr. Griffith were elected to the Standing Committee, and only two supporters of Mr. de Valera. On the Standing Committee of the National Women's Organizations, on the other hand, there is a majority of twenty-four to two for opposition to the Treaty.

* * *

THE agreement between the railway general managers and the three trade unions to set up joint councils, with a clearly defined status, for the discussion of a wide range of matters affecting administration as well as labor conditions, is an important event in the evolution of industrial organization. The constitution of the councils resembles that of the Whitley Committees in other industries, but an examination of the details of the scheme shows that, if its full development is not obstructed, the railwaymen have it in their power to exercise a real influence on the general administration of the lines. A mere recital of the principal subjects to be considered by the councils indicates the greatness of the change in the relations between the companies and their staffs since the end of the long struggle for recognition of the unions. They include not only general questions relating to wages, hours, and working conditions, but discipline, recruitment, and the promotion of the staffs, methods of operating the lines, the administrative machinery, and efficiency and economy of working.

* * *

IN the complex and highly specialized task of operating a railway, this will involve a degree of co-operation between the directing officials and the workers which has not yet been reached in industry except on a small scale in isolated factories. The scheme is devised to make this co-operation as real and effective as it can possibly be. The workers are divided into five groups of allied grades, and each of these five groups will have its own "sectional council." Next year, when the amalgamation of the lines into four groups is completed,

the sectional councils will appoint representatives to a central council for each amalgamated railway, and on these central councils the supervisory and clerical staffs will join with the operating and permanent-way staffs in discussing with the representatives of the management the affairs of the whole enterprise.

* * *

THE agreement has not been reached without difficulty. It had its origin in the bargain which was struck when the companies objected to the Government's proposal to insert in the Railway Act of last year a clause providing for the representation of the railway unions on the boards of directors. The union leaders did not miss the chance of exchanging a shadowy advantage for the substance of joint councils, so long as the powers and duties were comprehensive enough. They applied themselves constructively to the task of drafting a scheme, but when it was completed, as far back as August last, the progressive men among the managers had to face keen opposition from some of their colleagues. Only the united and insistent pressure of Mr. Thomas, Mr. Cramp, Mr. Walkden, and Mr. Bromley brought the whole of the managers to agree to ratification.

* * *

IN determining their future attitude to the councils the railway managers would do well to study an address given recently by Mr. Charles Renold, of Manchester, on the question of workshop committees and the control of industry. He described how, after constant experiment and adjustment, an entirely new spirit had been created in the engineering works with which he is connected. A joint committee, formed to discuss merely the amenities of the works, quickly lapsed into apathy and futility, but the evolution of the shop stewards' movement into a works committee which held monthly meetings with the management, and discussed with much candor wages, conditions, and the whole range of affairs of management, gradually dissipated the suspicion and distrust now deeply rooted in the minds of engineering workers. The stage has been reached at which all the confidential financial information presented to the directors is communicated also to the works committee. The result, according to Mr. Renold, is the creation of a sense of responsibility, the discovery that there is a definite "management point of view," and the acceptance of changes in organization with comparatively little friction.

* * *

THE confirming of the sentence of nine months' imprisonment on Mr. Gott for blasphemy is made worse by the Lord Chief Justice's description of the offence as a "dangerous" crime. "Dangerous" is the epithet of all others that the Roman official applied to the early Christian derision of the Olympian gods; it represents, indeed, the pagan view of religion as an established *étatisme* which at no cost must be disturbed. In that sense most of the religious reformers are "blasphemers." Luther (who had a rough tongue) certainly was. So was Dr. Colenso, who questioned the "inerrancy" of Genesis, the basis of the conventional theology of his day. So would Dr. Inge have been called four hundred years ago, if he had written (at the imminent risk of the stake) such an article as that in the "Church Family Newspaper" on miracles. The Blasphemy Laws are indeed a pitiful relic of the time when it was thought that religion could never stand up for itself, unless the State, with rack and prison, stood firmly at its back. But even on the Bench we ought long ago to have worked beyond that stage of thinking.

Politics and Affairs.

THE GOVERNING MIND OF FRANCE.

THE thing has happened which for three years the British Government has dreaded. M. Poincaré has come to power. His name has become familiar as one of most valuable properties in the game of *chantage*. If Marshal Foch was used to play on German nerves, M. Poincaré was applied to blister ours. Whenever there was any hesitation on the part of Downing Street to concede the demands of M. Briand, the answer invariably was that unless we were careful we should soon have to deal with a Premier whose little finger was thicker than M. Briand's loins. French politicians abound in this fine art. When they tire of making our hair stand on end by talking of a march into the Ruhr, they invent the submarine bluff, and when that palls they fall back on M. Poincaré. His name is already a programme. The Russian diplomatic correspondence reveals him in pre-war days as the intimate of Ambassador Iswolski, and it would hardly be excessive to describe these two as the civilian heads of a war-party which worked with the Tsarist general staff. He next figures as the chief architect of the Secret Treaties, and the man who arranged with the Tsar that the Rhineland should be detached from Germany as a neutral State under French protection. We have watched him since the end of his Presidency as the recognized chief of French Nationalism, leading the pack as an indefatigable amateur journalist in every Press campaign against Germany, Russia, or—ourselves. It is a strange trick of fate that it is with this stubborn personality, steadier by far in his own chosen course than the usual opportunist group leader, that we must discuss an alliance with France. A country must be personified for the outer world. If M. Poincaré is not typical, who is? One may take one's choice—Clemenceau, Millerand, Poincaré—there is no one else of equal power, for M. Briand has fallen and his relative moderation was a singularly fluid quality.

There are two theories in this country about France. The more widely diffused is a charitable though not very respectful view. It is that she is passing through an acute nervous crisis. The sudden elation of victory was too much for her. We had our own briefer attack of the same malady. Can you wonder that with the deep wound of devastation still open, her mental disturbance should last longer? She will come to sanity as the years go by. Meanwhile, let us humor her when we can: let us retain the closest possible association with her, whether we call it pact, entente, or alliance, and take care that we derive from it the right to hold her back in her more violent paroxysms, restraining, moderating, assuaging. This theory evidently underlies Mr. Lloyd George's offer of a "pact" for the defence of her frontiers against unprovoked German aggression. One need not take it too seriously. Germany will not be ready for her revenge within ten years, and before the ten years are up France will be quite ready to prune and revise the Treaty of Versailles, or so much of it as is left by then. This guarantee, it is argued, will calm her. She will lose her nightmare, in which she sees the German hordes marching again over the frontier. We are, in short, to hold the hand of the feverish patient while her temperature is still abnormal. One day she will waken smiling and perceive that all's well with the world.

This theory we take to be a natural variant of the older British belief that the French are an unstable, mutable, and even frivolous people. It is a theory popular among those who have but a slight acquaintance

with French history. These popular beliefs are often wildly wrong. The French are the reverse of unstable, and the Germans, one may add, are not phlegmatic. All the European nations were tested in the war, from Moscow to London, and we should say that the French showed themselves, under an unexampled trial of endurance, decidedly the steadiest and the most united. It is an intensely conservative society, with its small landed property, its dependence on inheritance, its economic self-sufficiency, its rooted nationalism, which makes Frenchmen the worst linguists and the worst observers of other peoples in the world. No other country has a tradition of European power and influence so ancient or so proud—for we had rarely counted in general Continental politics till Dutch William took us in hand. No other country takes such pains by the teaching of history and literature to conserve this tradition. We led for the first time in Europe under Pitt. The French tradition goes back to Charlemagne. If one limits the view to modern times, is not the France which wills and struggles a fairly continuous personality between Bourbon and Bonaparte—between Louis XIV. and Louis Napoleon? The political ideal may change, but under Kings and Emperors, under a plebiscitary or legitimist or republican *régime*, the two conceptions of the cultural leadership and the military supremacy of France are always uppermost.

Those who base their reading of the traditional permanent France upon the observations of our own lifetime take too short a view. It may be the period from 1870 to 1906, or thereabouts (when the Millerand-Poincaré school began to win its way), which was abnormal—the period of calm, and concentration, and relative isolation. What has happened with victory is, on this reading, not a momentary nervous disturbance, but a reversion to type, the re-emergence of a half-buried, subconscious, but very persistent personality. France is herself again. It was seldom a meek or unaggressive self. The picture in the Premier's memorandum of a martyr France, "invaded four times in 120 years," verges on comedy. On the three earlier occasions the invasion was but the backwash of a violent outward rush. Was the France of Leipzig and Waterloo unaggressive, or was the Man of Destiny a man of peace? National character is made—who shall say in what proportions?—by historical tradition and economic forces. Both tend in France to militarism. The rather backward small-scale industry, the relatively slight commercial enterprise, the clinging to inheritances and investments, cause the French to hug their claims on Germany and Russia as we do not. It is the very stability of this society, based on thrift and inheritance, with its emphasis on keeping rather than on making, which renders it so implacable in the matter of debt. Its military power is its chief asset. The colored armies and the submarines are to levy tribute for it, much as mills, and forges, and ships make profit for Englishmen, Germans, or Americans.

We argue, then, that the fear which Frenchmen express and presumably feel, when they think of the superior numbers of the German and Russian populations, is by no means a simple fear. It is fear with a difference. One might call it a superb fear. It is the fear of a very proud and self-esteeming people, which intends to dominate these barbaric tribes, yet realizes that they may one day crush it by their numbers. Rome knew such fears as this. Now, to offer this people a one-sided guarantee of safety was a mistake, which was felt as something of an insult. What the French fear is not an unprovoked invasion within ten years. What they fear is an irresistible rebellion of

Germans and Russians, possibly in twenty years. But the fear is not strong enough to undermine their fixed intention of provoking it all the time. They will not quit the Rhineland. They will not abate a centime of the German indemnity. They mean to have those Russian roubles. Round about these central purposes they will do, or cause to be done, all the minor things in Silesia, Austria, Poland, and Far Siberia which will postpone the recovery of German and Russian power, but will as infallibly make the ultimate revenge inevitable and bitter. The Alliance they want is not the sort of guarantee that one may give to Belgium. They want our support in the pursuit of their policy of hegemony, and they wish to be quite sure that we shall stand by them in the next war. About that next war they are as fatalist as Orientals, but to do them justice they do not want it soon. What we are to guarantee, on this view, is not their frontier but their Continental system. That is why we are asked to include the Poles, and the "Temps" even mentions the Tchechs. What return we are to get is a matter to which they have evidently given little consideration, which is characteristic. We see no danger save such as they may provoke and bring down on our heads. We do not doubt our own ability to live hereafter pretty comfortably both with Germans and Russians. And the French system of bulwark Poles and buffer Tchechs and bastion Roumanians, with barbed wire on all the roads and trenches for ever, is far from being our conception of a pleasing Continental landscape.

These, then, are our reasons for thinking that the offer of a limited guarantee to France, though it was obviously intended to serve the cause of peace, was ill-inspired. It must have increased the confidence of the French that for some years to come they may do as they please in Europe. It must have deepened the German sense of isolation. And though we realize that it was intended, somewhat later, to give the Germans, too, some kind of vague pledge against aggression, we also recollect that it was originally intended to include them before very long in the League of Nations. We have nothing to urge in principle against guarantees of this kind. But if we ever guarantee the French frontier we should invite them to retire behind it. Before we prepare against the "unprovoked" aggression of Germany, we should ask ourselves whether, if Kent were doomed to be occupied for fifteen years by colored troops, we should feel morally guilty of "aggression" if one day we tried to drive them out. The wording of the pact may be harmless enough, but we dread its implications. It repeats the Grey-Lansdowne error, which should have taught us, once for all, that exclusive friendships make armed camps. Happily, there are few in France who want it, and fewer still in England who desire a mutual unlimited alliance.

There, let us hope, the matter will rest. We see no use in haste. The French are obviously not yet ready, either to cut down the indemnity or to take a hand in our Premier's policy of restoration. Those are the conditions of any close friendship. We hope Mr. George will persevere with the Genoa Conference, and we are not sure that it will go the worse if the French should decide to stay away. Our own policy would be to use every method of persuasion with them, for as yet their public has not a glimmering of the salient economic facts. There ought to be official publications, well translated and widely circulated, to put our case before them. For the rest, we heartily agree with the general lines of Mr. Keynes's financial policy. But, on the whole, we think it will be a sense of her own dangerous isolation which will bring France to reason. She knows well enough that she has only forty against the German sixty and

the Russian hundred millions. We should not be in a hurry to spoil the working of that arithmetic by pledging our millions to hers. The demonstration is going very well. She wanted to bring back an American marriage from Washington, and she has danced it away. She knows too that she is losing her hold on the Tchechs and even on the Poles. Italy riots against her Consulates. She begins to realize her startling, almost universal, and thoroughly deserved unpopularity. It will vanish if she is capable of reviving the spirit of the France which we knew in the last generation, the France which survived defeat, but swooned in victory.

FINANCIAL CHAOS, AND THE WAY OUT.

WAR and the consequences of war are such terrible things that there probably never would be any fighting, in modern times at least, if people had enough intellectual honesty to face all that it involves. St. Helena and Amerongen are not merely places on the map: they are universal symbols, the ultimate destination of all the dreams of war-time. In war we think nothing of consequences, nothing of costs, and everyone becomes a sort of tragic Micawber, recklessly running into debt in the hope that something will turn up to relieve himself and his nation of the consequences. Men and nations first realize the facts—in St. Helena.

Unfortunately, the atmosphere of unreality brought about by war is not dispersed with the return of peace. Hence, though the general facts of our financial position were quite easily ascertainable at the time of the Armistice, hardly anyone has faced them even now. I have yet to find anyone who has put down in plain words the facts of our position, and endeavored to find a way out.

In the Budget for the current year the income and super taxes, with the mineral rights and death duties, were estimated to yield £458,500,000. Probably they will do this, for the income brought under review of the Income Tax Commissioners will be that of last year—that is to say, over £2,400,000,000. Such a national income, however, is altogether disproportionate to that earned, even in times of far more extensive trade, but under normal conditions. In the last year of peace, 1913, the total amount of income brought under review was under £1,200,000,000. But if income and super tax on a six-shilling basis levied on £2,400,000,000 yield so much, what rates will be required to obtain the same revenue from a gross national income of half that amount? Obviously, they will both have to be fixed at twelve shillings in the pound; but as it is impossible to collect the maximum taxation of one pound four shillings in the pound, and as it is evident that such a shrinkage in the general level of money incomes would drive a number of taxpayers below the minimum level, and extract from them, not what they are paying now, but nothing at all, some yet more severe graduation against the medium-sized incomes would have to be devised to make up the deficit.

Now I see no prospect whatever, in the lifetime of any but the youngest of us, of any reduction in the amount that must somehow be obtained yearly from these taxes. Indeed, unless we can obtain such a peaceful settlement of the world that we can abolish the Army and Navy altogether, I can see no way of avoiding a formidable increase. The reason why we have been able to derive such a revenue from income and super tax during the last few years is to be found in the abnormal

inflation of money incomes. The same cause has produced a similar effect in the case of indirect taxation. In the last year of peace, Customs and Excise yielded together £74,000,000; it is hoped to realize from them no less than £323,000,000 in the current year. This means that the average family of five members is to contribute £36 to the Treasury in indirect taxes alone, a thing that is obviously only possible at a time of high money wages and constant employment. If wages are cut down to anything like pre-war levels, either the rates of duty must be brought back to the old level also, or the people must reduce their consumption. In either case the revenue falls to pieces, and, as the deficiency must be made up somehow, more must be obtained from income and super tax. In spite of their notorious preference for indirect taxation and their high protective tariffs, not one of the Great Powers of Europe was able to obtain as much money from Customs and Excise as we did in the prosperous days before the war. It is, therefore, dangerous to expect any more in the future, though if we fail to obtain more, there will be a further sum of £250,000,000 a year to be got, if possible, from the unhappy income-taxpayers.

To turn to expenditure, on the reduction of which those who are at last becoming alarmed at our financial position base their hopes. The heavy income tax, they say, is crippling trade, and various demands are made for its reduction, the most extravagant being Lord Rothermere's cry of last summer, "Back to Gladstone," by which he meant abolish the income tax altogether! A six-shilling income tax is a terrible burden on trade, but so far from any possibility of reducing the tax, I can see no prospect, however we economize, of avoiding a very heavy increase. For two years after the Armistice, a time of high money wages and inflated profits, the ordinary revenue of the State did not suffice to pay our way. In so far as any debt redemption took place, this was only provided by sales of Government stock and Excess Profit Duty, and a very large share even of the money obtained by these exceptional means was absorbed in current expenses. When these are no longer available, how shall we stand?

Mr. Chamberlain, it seems, estimated our expenditure in some "normal" year at £880,000,000. Of this, rather more than half consists of two items—the Consolidated Fund charges and War Pensions. No action of the Government can effect any economy here. Another seventy millions is absorbed by the revenue services, chiefly the Post Office, on which again we cannot economize to any extent. Any considerable saving must come out of the balance of £320,000,000, from which have to be paid all charges for the Army, Navy, and Civil Services, for Education and Old Age Pensions. Even if we reduced these items to pre-war amounts, we should still have to obtain from taxation £650,000,000 yearly, and that without making any serious attempt to reduce the debt. Of that sum at least five hundred millions would have to be contributed by the income- and super-taxpayers.

In the year before the war income tax was actually paid on rather less than £800,000,000 a year. On the same basis of assessment, a minimum income of £160, with no family allowances, and with the same national income, it would take a tax of 12s. 6d. in the pound to square the Budget. If the volume of trade and average rate of profit obtaining in 1913 could be maintained things would be rather better, as the interest on the new debt, in so far as the stock is held by British subjects, would often contribute to income tax. On the other hand, 1913 was a "boom" year, the last of a long series, a time when our customers were busy and pro-

perous. We cannot rely upon a speedy return of such conditions, now that we have lost our hold on many markets, while our best buyers have been reduced to poverty. It seems clear that, to square accounts, it will be necessary to double the income and super taxes.

What does this mean? At present the income tax is six shillings in the pound, and the super tax is graduated up to another six shillings on income over £30,000 a year. Income between six and seven thousand a year is charged six shillings for income and four shillings for super tax. It is evident, then, that this process of doubling these taxes would have to stop at this point, for on income over six thousand pounds the taxes would be twelve shillings and eight shillings respectively. Assuming, then, that the present taxes were doubled, a man having six thousand pounds a year would be taxed as follows:—

	£	£	Income Tax.	Super Tax.	Total.
	£	£	£	£	£
On the first 2,000	2,000	...	1,200	...	1,200
On the next 500 to 2,500	500	...	300	...	375
" " 500 to 3,000	500	...	300	...	400
" " 1,000 to 4,000	1,000	...	600	...	850
" " 1,000 to 5,000	1,000	...	600	...	900
" " 1,000 to 6,000	1,000	...	600	...	950
Totals	£3,600	...	£1,075	...	£4,675

After paying his taxes he would have £1,325 a year to live upon, and as all further income would be taxed to the extent of twenty shillings in the pound, nobody would have any more than that! That is the point I want driven home, for it is to some such state of things we are rapidly hurrying.

Note that such a state of things is in itself a revolution. It would suffice to put an end once and for all to the life led by the old aristocracy and the new rich of England. The country seats and the town houses of the leisured class would come into the market or fall into decay; West End shops would have to close or alter entirely the character of their trade. Yet all this would not be the effect of any "Bolshevist" revolution, but merely the inexorable consequence of the Great War.

I think something like this is unavoidable now. The social system has been driven on the rocks; all we can hope for is some salvage from the wreck. In order that we may get even that, however, it is essential to preserve the working energy of the British people. It is to be feared that much of our former trade may be irrecoverable whatever we do, but no obstacle should be put in the way of regaining as much as possible. The country can only be delivered from debt by the creation of new wealth.

But our trade can only be preserved and new industries created if the country continues to be a desirable place for the energetic organizer, the scientist, the competent professional man, and intelligent and capable men and women generally to live in. The present owners of land, factories, mines, and houses cannot take them out of the country; but capable workers with hand and brain can, and certainly will, emigrate to more favored lands, if we attempt to tax their earnings to the extent of anything like twelve shillings in the pound. And if these people do emigrate in any large numbers, our visible assets will rapidly become valueless. It is essential, therefore, that the chief burden of taxation shall fall on rents and dividends, not on salaries and wages; and that all economies shall be made at the expense of unproductive expenditure, like that on armaments, not on the most productive of all—that on Education. Obviously, I cannot deal adequately with reorganization in the space of one short article; as I have said elsewhere, I think it will be necessary to transfer the control of industry to the active classes. This at least can be insisted upon: new produc-

tion and the wages and salaries paid for new production must be kept as high as possible and taxed only for the current expenses of the nation and not for past debts, if the possessing classes themselves are to retrieve as much as possible from the wreck. The principle already established of applying different rates of taxation to earned and unearned incomes must be carried to its logical conclusion—all earned incomes, however large, being taxed at a much lower rate than others, and extensive reductions made in indirect taxation, while there must be no tampering with the money voted for Education.

Spain, impoverished by the wars of Philip II., hampered trade by imposts, and destroyed education through the influence of the Inquisition. Yet this did not save the hidalgos from sharing in the consequent general poverty. For the wealthy classes of Britain there remains this choice: they can become active members of a vigorous and intelligent democracy, or they can become like the gentleman of *La Mancha* who "kept a lance upon a rack, an old target, a lean horse, and a greyhound for coursing."

BROUGHAM VILLIERS.

THE WAY OF THE IRISH REVOLUTION.

[FROM OUR REPRESENTATIVE.]

By the December Treaty England renounced her claim to control the government of Ireland. Last Saturday an Irish Government was formed to take charge of Irish affairs until the Irish Free State is in being, and on Monday Dublin Castle, the symbol of English rule and the fortress of England's privileges, passed into the hands of Irish Ministers. This revolution, as momentous as any in our history, found its expression and its ritual in ceremonies simpler and more careless in their art and arrangement than those by which an English town would celebrate some public festival.

On Saturday those members of the Dáil who sit for constituencies outside the Six Counties met at the Mansion House to ratify the Treaty and elect a Provisional Government. They were summoned not by the Clerk of the Crown and Hanaper, or any other of the picturesque officials who have dispensed British authority all these years, but by Mr. Arthur Griffith, six months ago a prisoner, now President of Dáil Eireann, chairman of the delegation that signed the peace. Some of the most notable figures of the Irish revolution were absent, chief among them Mr. de Valera, a great force in Irish life from his attractive and powerful personality, an unintelligible character to English minds from the narrow passion with which he pursues an intellectual abstraction, substituting like Cymourdain logic for reason. Another was Mr. Brugha, the late Minister of Defence, the most ruthless of the men who would sacrifice the life of their nation to the idea they cherish of its duty, with the direct and unrelenting ferocity of the type of his school in Victor Hugo's great novel. But most of the leaders of the Sinn Féin revolution were present, for Griffith was, of course, its intellectual founder, Collins represents its energy and daring, John MacNeill was its principal link with the new world of Irish scholarship and letters, and Mulcahy was the Chief of Staff of the I.R.A. in its amazing struggle. A slight figure, with a sad and serious expression, Mulcahy looks more like a thinker than an officer as Englishmen picture him; he has a bearing and manner that give an impression of great reserves of strength. His speech in the Dáil showed that he possesses the

quality which of all others is the most valuable and rare in revolutions, the quality of moral courage. About all these Ministers there is nothing of the character with which Englishmen invest the legendary Irish politician. They strike one not as orators, with a touch of the theatre, but as men who act, plain and unassuming in their ways, too thrifty to waste time on the trifles, or even, in some cases, on the graces, of life. Cosgrave, the Minister for Local Government, has won general confidence by his work on the Dublin Corporation; and though other Ministers are less well known to the public, they have all been chosen because they have shown capacity in the administrative work of Sinn Féin.

None of the men I have described have any of the airs of office: you look in vain for those little tricks and mannerisms that mark in nine cases out of ten the English politician when first he becomes a Minister. This has been the note of the ceremonies. The meeting at which the new Provisional Government came to life lasted less than an hour. The speeches were all confined to two or three sentences—simple, dignified, and to the point. The four deputies for Trinity College were present, one of them supplying the only frock coat to be seen. Professor Thrift made a brief speech, declaring his anxiety and that of his friends to serve the Free State. One of those present said afterwards: "It would have been more regular if this meeting had been summoned by British writs." "Do you suppose," was the answer, "that any Irish Government that allowed that to be done would last twenty-four hours?"

On Monday the new Government, having shown its power within twenty-four hours of taking office by averting the railway strike, took over the keys of Dublin Castle. Michael Collins and his colleagues, dressed simply and plainly, passed not with banners and drums, but in half-a-dozen taxicabs, through the gates which have guarded from Dublin's eyes some of the most terrible of the crimes of tyranny. In a room upstairs Lord Fitzalan welcomed the leaders of the revolution, and an hour afterwards they reappeared amid the cheers of the citizens of Dublin, who thronged round the gates, while children poured into the dreaded yard that few Irishmen have entered during the terror, except as prisoners. That night Collins issued a manifesto to the Irish people congratulating them on the surrender of the Castle, and issuing orders in the name of the new Government. With so simple a gesture was this tremendous symbol deposed. Dublin Castle will be remembered by the Irish people as the fortress in Milan was remembered by the people of Lombardy, or the Naples prisons by the Italians of the South. The buildings may be demolished, or they may be turned into a Museum of the Irish Revolution—like the Carnavalet in Paris—or they may be converted to the peaceful uses of commerce. They will never again be what they have been for centuries, the citadel from which England has kept its grasp on the life of Ireland.

The manner of these events has a significance which must not be overlooked. There is a common belief in England that Irishmen like the pomp and circumstance of a Court, and that there is nothing repugnant to the Irish nature in the splendor and the traditions of the office of Lord Lieutenant. Modern Ireland, or the Ireland that counts to-day, has no such taste. All its instinct for color and romance goes into the pursuit of Gaelic culture. The spectacle of a great social power, dispensing hospitality and exerting influence, offends its sense of self-respect, and all the memories of the institution are associated with the disparagement of Irish institutions and Irish life. If the Free State is to live, it must be freed from these traditions once and for all.

The representative of the Crown must not live in the Viceregal Lodge; he must not have a Court; there must be nothing in his manner of life, or in the influences that surround him, which can give countenance to the suggestion that he seeks to play a part in Irish politics.

The controversy between the supporters and opponents of the treaty turns on the character of the association of Ireland with the British Commonwealth. The supporters say that this association leaves Ireland free: opponents, that it puts Ireland under England's shadow. The visible symbol of the association is the representative of the Crown, and therefore it matters immensely what is his title, where and how he lives, how his duties are conceived and executed. The title of Governor-General suggests authority, and is therefore unacceptable; the Viceregal Lodge suggests the traditions of an English Court in Ireland, and is therefore

dangerous; the conventional appendages to such an office would seem to suggest to Irishmen social patronage or indirect political influence. If ever the Free State is involved in this kind of atmosphere its fate is certain. Irishmen who are ready to support it as the recognition of effective Irish sovereignty would turn against it at once if they thought that somewhere or other English influence was creeping in. The representative of the Crown should transact his business at an office, and live in a convenient house. He should not be in any sense a leader of fashion or the centre of a dazzling social life. For he is in Ireland not to exercise or to symbolize authority, or the influence of one nation on another; he is there merely as the servant of the League of States to which England and Ireland belong, with duties that are simple, defined, and limited in their scope and character.

REFLECTIONS IN INDIA.

I.—TOO LATE?

[By OUR INDIAN CORRESPONDENT.]

ONCE upon a time an Indian whom I know undertook a railway journey in his own country. He had lain down to sleep when the door of the carriage opened and an Englishman entered and greeted him as follows: "Here, get out of that!" The greeting was instinctive. The Englishman meant no harm by it. It was the sort of thing one had to say to a native whom one found sprawling in a first-class compartment, or what would happen to the British Raj? "Do you want your head knocked off?" the Indian retorted. A dust-up seemed imminent, but no, the threat was just what the Englishman understood. He said, "I say, I'm awfully sorry, I didn't know you were that sort of person," and they settled down together amicably. Argument, apologies, appeals to the station-master or the courts, would have been useless; the Indian had taken the only possible course, and saved the situation.

Ten years passed and the same man went for another railway journey. It was he who entered the carriage this time, while an Englishman, an officer, was in occupation. The latter sprang up with *empressement* and began to shift his kit. "Here, take my berth, it's the best; I'm getting out soon." "No, why should I?" "Oh, no, take it, man, that's all right; this is your country, not mine." The Indian remarked grimly: "Don't do this sort of thing, please. We don't appreciate it any more than the old sort. We know you have been told you must do it." The unfortunate officer was silent. It was so. Orders had come down from Headquarters enjoining courtesy, and in his attempt to save the British Raj he had exceeded them.

This hasty and ungraceful change of position is typical of Anglo-India to-day. Something like a stampede can be observed. Some officials have changed out of policy; they know that they can no longer trust their superiors to back them up if they are rude or overbearing—even the Collector of B—, whose woes I will presently relate, has probably learnt his lesson by this time. Others have undergone a genuine change of heart. They respect the Indian because he has proved himself a man. They allude to the present crisis less with bitterness than with a wistful melancholy. They dread the reforms, but propose to work them. "Yes, it's all up with us," is their attitude. "Sooner or later the Indians will tell us to go. I hope they'll tell us nicely. I expect they will—they're always very nice to me." One can't call such an attitude cowardly. It is

a recognition, though a muddle-headed one, of past mistakes. The decent Anglo-Indian of to-day realizes that the great blunder of the past is neither political nor economic nor educational, but social; that he was associated with a system that supported rudeness in railway carriages, and is paying the penalty.

The penalty is inevitable. The mischief has been done, and though friendships between individuals will continue and courtesies between high officials increase, there is little hope now of spontaneous intercourse between the two races. The Indian has taken up a new attitude. Ten or fifteen years ago he would have welcomed attention, not only because the Englishman in India had power, but because the etiquette and customs of the West, his inevitable destiny, were new to him and he needed a sympathetic introducer. He has never been introduced to the West in the social sense, as to a possible friend. We have thrown grammars and neckties at him, and smiled when he put them on wrongly—that is all. For a time he suffered, and it was with shame and resentment that he found himself excluded from our clubs. He was sensitive and affectionate; he had a traditional respect for authority, and longer than was quite dignified he courted us, and we, quick to note servility, smiled at one another again, and remarked that we ought never to have given him education, since it only made him unhappy. To-day he has ceased to suffer. He has learnt to put on neckties the right way, or his own way, or whatever one is supposed to do with a necktie. He has painfully woven, without our assistance, a new social fabric, and, as he proceeds with it, he has grown less curious about the texture of ours. The other day, travelling in the districts of a great native State, I reached a remote town which had only 12,000 inhabitants, and was over 80 miles from a railway station. The scenery was magnificent, the antiquities superb—but that is another story; we are concerned with the local club, which had a membership of sixty, and to which the officials and other residents repaired every evening. No Englishman had helped them—none existed—and few of them knew English, but they had provided themselves with the usual appliances—a tennis-court, a billiard-table, cards, chess (which they played in the wrong, or Oriental, fashion, allowing the king to move like a knight); they had taken what they wanted from the West, and were using it instead of being used by it. A club of officials is nowhere a thing of beauty, and this

one was architecturally the sole blot on the town. But there it was, created and alive. It proved to those lonely uplands that modern India is socially independent of the Englishman at last, and does not care how Englishmen amuse themselves, nor whether they are amused. The problem has been solved. But at the expense of greater problems elsewhere.

"Oh, but their womenfolk!" That parrot-cry still arises, though less shrilly than formerly. "My husband says he doesn't see why he should let an Indian see his wife when the Indian won't let him see his wife." The *purdah* difficulty, a real one, has been seized upon by Anglo-India, and has been emphasized and exaggerated, and even made an excuse for official discourtesy. It is useless to point out that *purdah* in India is not impenetrable, that the Parsis do not observe it, and the Marattas only in modified form; that even Islam moves towards a change. One expected that Englishwomen would be sympathetic; but no: the eyes and voice hardened, and "My husband says he doesn't see why," again rent the air. And if one said that one had actually shared in Indian family life, both Mohammedan and Hindu, been motor drives, sat on chairs or the floor as the case might be, the eyes grew incredulous, and the voice changed the conversation as improper. If the Englishman might have helped the Indian socially, how much more might the Englishwoman have helped! But she has done nothing, or worse than nothing. She deserves, as a class, all that the satirists have said about her, for she has instigated the follies of her male when she might have calmed them and set him on the sane course. There has been an English as well as an Indian *purdah*, and it has done greater harm because it was aggressive. Instead of retiring quietly behind the curtain it flaunted itself as a necessity, and proclaimed racial purity across a live wire. Things are better to-day. There are institutions like the Willingdon Club at Bombay, where men and women of both races can meet. And the lady who said to me eight years ago, "Never forget that you're superior to every native in India except the Rajas, and they're on an equality," is now a silent, if not an extinct, species. But she has lived her life, and she has done her work.

This social friction (it is sometimes said) only affects the educated classes, and we need not consider their feelings, since they did not help to win the war and would run away if the Afghans invaded. This argument

ignores—among other points—all the uneducated Indians who collide with uneducated Englishmen. There is a great "Second Society" where the disasters of club-land are enacted in a cruder form, and beneath "Second Society" lie other strata, all echoing the footfalls from the top. Here is the sepoy, back from France, failing to see why the Tommy should have servants and *punkahs* when he has none. And here is the European chauffeur who drives through the streets shouting at the pedestrians and scattering them; the looks of hatred they cast back at him show how deep the trouble goes. India is not Westernized yet, but she is more closely knit than she used to be, and an impact by the West on one part of her frame is transmitted to others. When the Collector of B— fined a pleader two hundred rupees for appearing before him in a Gandhi cap, he thought, no doubt, that the matter would stop where it was. He told the pleader to come back again in two hours' time; who did, still wearing the cap, and was fined two hundred more rupees. The pleader appealed; the case was tried locally, by an English Judge, and decided against the Collector; and the population of B—, which had hitherto worn any old thing on its head, at once trotted into Gandhi caps and escorted the Collector with shouts of "Mahatma Gandhi ki jai" whenever he went out for a ride on his not very good motor-bicycle. The population ought to have weighed the illegality and insolence of the Collector against the fairness of the Judge, and to have given the British Raj the benefit of the doubt. But the mind of a mob doesn't work thus. The attack on an educated Indian reacted in thousands of uneducated veins, and swelled the cause of Nationalism.

India to-day is a chopping sea, and this social question is only one of its currents. There are Mohammedans and Hindus; there is Labor and Capital; there are the native princes and the constitutionalists. Where the sea will break, what wave will uprise, no man can say; perhaps in the immediate future the chief issue will not be racial, after all. But isolating the question, one may say this: firstly, that responsible Englishmen are far politer to Indians now than they were ten years ago, but it is too late because Indians no longer require their social support; and, secondly, that never in history did ill-breeding contribute so much towards the dissolution of an Empire.

Article II., on the Prince's Visit, will appear next week.

TOWARDS AN ECONOMIC REVIVAL.

I.—THE PESSIMISTIC OUTLOOK.

WHILE statesmen wrangle and the light of civilization flickers in Eastern Europe, babies are being born and children are growing up to manhood. What is to be their fate? Are they born into a world doomed to suffer anarchy, bloodshed, destitution, and famine for years to come? Or is the present nightmare of confusion and dismay the prelude to a new birth of prosperity and justice? The question recalls James's essay on "Is Life Worth Living?" and the old answer, "It depends on the liver." The fate of Europe depends on the psychology of living men. And one of the disquieting symptoms of Europe's malady is the fatalism, one might almost call it the "liverishness," of many of the best minds. But once more a New Year brings with it new resolutions. Progressive minds are beginning to throw off the mood of utter bewilderment and despair; and a younger generation is growing up which refuses to despair and demands a hearing. Never did the world stand more in need of the hopeful illusions of youth to counteract the hopeless wisdom of age. The psycho-

therapist who bids you hope is more likely to save your life than the specialist who condemns you to death. "Dites, 'Je peux,'" says Professor Coué, "et vous pouvez." One of the necessary conditions of recovery from social, as from individual, sickness is to imagine the best, even if you cannot honestly believe it. But before we attempt to formulate collective auto-suggestions, let us face the demon to be exorcized. Let us examine the economic symptoms of Europe's hysterical delusions.

THE DAMAGE OF THE TREATY.

The war itself wrought incalculable harm and irreparable damage, but the ruin caused by three years' peace has been in some respects worse. The financial chaos of Central Europe is primarily due not to the war, but to the Treaty of Versailles. In the mad pursuit of reparations the peace-makers have been doing their best to damage the economic foundations of European civilization beyond repair. At the eleventh hour the dawn of political sanity in this country prompts the hope

that an end to this purely wrecking policy is in sight. But will a return to political sanity undo the economic evil that has been done?

TOWARDS LOWER LEVELS.

Many people still hold that if only the questions of reparations, disarmament, and inter-allied indebtedness could be satisfactorily disposed of, things would "settle down" and we should rapidly return to the "normal." If by this is meant a normal standard of comfort and security for bankers, merchants, and manufacturers, it may be true; the sufferings of this class have not assumed tragic proportions even during the abnormal conditions of the last seven years. But the belief that the mere settlement of political conflicts will restore tolerable conditions for the masses of the people is becoming a dangerous illusion. The economic system has received too many shattering blows since 1914, and its recuperative powers are less elastic now than they were even at the time of the Armistice. Blind forces have been set in motion which cannot so easily be reversed. The real danger to Europe, and indeed to the world, is that after the tempest has subsided and the spirits of destruction have done their worst, a new economic equilibrium will be reached at a permanently lower level of prosperity: that the standard of production and consumption throughout the world will be depressed below the pre-war standard, and will remain at a lower level for years to come.

THE DANGER TO ENGLAND.

What this may mean to England has been pointed out by the American banker Mr. Frank Vanderlip. A poorer Europe, predominantly agricultural and self-supporting, will not be able to afford purchases abroad on the pre-war scale; she will take fewer manufactured goods, fewer raw materials, and fewer foodstuffs from Great Britain, the Dominions, and the outside world. The Dominions, South America, and the Far East will consequently sell less to Europe and buy less from Britain, their own needs for manufactured goods being met partly by cheap exports from Europe and partly from their own industries which are growing up every year. Great Britain will become a fifth wheel to the coach, an unnecessary cog in the machine; or at best, her predominance as the world's workshop and banking centre, to which she owed her prosperity in the nineteenth century, will be destroyed. This may mean that between 10 and 20 per cent. of our population will have to emigrate or starve. That is the considered judgment of an international financier, who looks beneath the surface of things to the hidden economic forces which are inexorably remoulding the channels of trade and production.

AFTER THE BOOM.

These are gloomy prognostications. They rest on the assumption that the world's trade and production will for many years ahead fall below the pre-war level. What evidence is there that lends support to this assumption? During the war, in spite of the cutting off of Central Europe from the markets of the world, there was no very pronounced decrease in the production of staple raw materials and foodstuffs. On the contrary, owing to the vast consumption for military purposes and the unlimited purchasing power created by the belligerent Governments, production of most staple crops and raw materials was stimulated, and in the case of many minerals largely increased. Then came the period of the post-Armistice boom, when traders, encouraged by further credit inflation, mistook Europe's real needs for effective demand, and bought and sold in a frenzy of speculation in anticipation of filling a perpetual vacuum. The rise of prices stimulated a still further increase of production. But it also checked consumption. Finally, when it became plain that Europe was not really recovering quickly enough to perform the impossible task of both paying her debts and continuing to absorb the surplus production of the rest of the world indefinitely, the Federal Reserve Board and the Bank of England became alarmed, put on the screw by raising the Bank rates, and brought the precarious house of cards down to the ground with a crash. Now that the *débris* is being sorted out and attempts are being made to cope with the resulting con-

fusion, the full extent of the disaster is becoming apparent. The succeeding slump was so severe that throughout four-fifths of the world production became unprofitable and dropped during 1921 far below the pre-war level.

THE FALL IN PRODUCTION.

One of the best indices by which to measure the volume of world trade and production is provided by the Indian jute crop; for jute canvas is used in the form of bags and packing material for every variety of article, and has been rightly called "the brown paper of wholesale commerce." Before the war the normal crop was about ten million bales. The 1921 crop is not more than four million bales. And this smaller volume is selling at about the same level of prices (representing half the real purchasing power) as it did before the war. This, it may be said, is the result of a temporary depression. Yes, but how long before we recover? Take cotton. The American cotton crop is estimated this year at about nine million bales, compared with a normal thirteen millions. The production of tea and rubber is being deliberately restricted. Wool production would be stopped altogether, if someone would only invent a patent dip which would prevent sheep growing wool. Two million tons of sugar remain unsold in Cuba; the price has fallen from 23 cents per lb. at one time last year to little more than 2 cents per lb. to-day, with the result that Cuba is bankrupt. Chile cannot sell her nitrates, Argentine her wool. Australian fruit-growers demand a "fruit pool" to save them from ruin, and New Zealand farmers are trying to stave off bankruptcy by inducing the Government to establish a State monopoly of agricultural exports. The unemployment and bankruptcies in industrial countries, like England and America, need no emphasis. These may be regarded as passing symptoms inseparable from any depression. The most dangerous consequence of the present crisis of stagnation and deflation is not the immediate losses and unemployment, but the abnormally depressing influence it is having on the production of staple crops and raw materials. Factories can be set going again in a few weeks; but crops and herds and plantations, once let down, take years to recover. The really alarming feature in the present situation is the prospect that if economic forces are left to take their "natural" course, it will be many years before world production has recovered to anything like its pre-war level. The same conclusion faces us if, with Professor Cassel, we treat the situation as primarily a monetary crisis. The average rate of economic progress during the hundred years before the war was not more than 3 per cent. per annum. If the world is now to return to the orthodox pre-war monetary policy of regulating the level of prices and the volume of trade and production by the amount of gold in the banks, it may well take twenty or thirty years before the blind working of economic laws brings us back even to the pre-war level of prosperity.

THE CONSEQUENCES.

Such chronic impoverishment can only mean a perpetuation of destitution, squalor, ignorance, and unemployment among the wage-earning masses of Europe: frantic efforts in all countries to "economize" at the expense of socially indispensable services: a lower standard of life for all, except possibly for peasants and millionaires: cut-throat competition between manufacturing countries for foreign markets; and suicidal endeavors to reduce costs of production by means of a progressive deterioration in the status of the worker—in short, an international "poverty competition" between the industrial countries of the world, each seeking to produce more cheaply, work longer hours, and pay lower wages than any of its rivals, even if it does not strive, by means of prohibitive tariffs, export bounties, and economic "concessions" and "spheres of influence," to prevent its rivals having access either to its own markets or to the sources of raw material. Against the free play of blind economic forces working in this way (with or without the added mischief of protectionist policy) social reforms, trade unionism, Whitley Councils, co-partnership, unemployment insurance—all

the palliatives that presuppose a normal functioning of international trade—would be without avail. Great Britain would not be able to support its present population, and no country would take its surplus millions.

THE TASK OF CONTROL.

Are we justified in rejecting this picture as too highly drawn? No one can say. But few will deny that this has been the tendency during 1921, and for all we know it may continue during 1922 and 1923. For months now the production of staple crops and raw materials has been decreasing, and it is still decreasing. It is common ground that so long as there is political unrest and financial instability there can be no economic recovery in Europe. But the present argument is more disconcerting still. It holds that even when some sort of political settlement has been reached, we have no reasonable ground for security so long as the fate of Europe depends on the free play of blind economic forces whose strength and course it is hard to forecast or control. If this is so, is it not time we set about controlling those forces? If we are to win security, if we are to have any confidence in the future of Europe, still more if we are to entertain a reasonable hope of tolerable conditions in this country, is it not time that we invoked something of the foresight, imagination, intelligence, and organizing ability which Lord Rhondda, for example, applied to the economic problems of the war? The motive of self-preservation, as we saw during the war, can accomplish economic miracles. If we reject the pessimistic outlook, it is only because we believe that miracles are still possible.

A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

INDIA is very serious. It seems still a little uncertain whether Mr. Gandhi is willing to be a party to a Conference of conciliation or adjustment, or whether he is definitely "out" for a proclaimed policy of British evacuation not from Egypt only, but from India. Much, it is clear, depends on the answer to this question. Gandhi is a religious mystic whose ideas change to a spiritual direction which the statesman cannot follow. But what is certain is that this habit of continual flux and reflux makes him a centre of a most perilous agitation of the Indian mind. Non-violent himself, he is surrounded by men who intend violence and resort to it. It is useless to go back on the errors of the Indian Government. The Prince, as we, in this journal, have contended, should not have gone to India at all unless the Government had something definite to say to her which was best expressed through the mouth of the heir to the throne. There was no such message; and it was inevitable in such circumstances that the Prince's visit should fail. None the less, an order to Great Britain to quit India cannot be given out through the mouth of an Indian whose power over the mass of the people is as great as Mr. Gandhi's has become. It is not a question merely of the British *raj*. The civilization of thousands of years is at stake; and no one could say what would happen if the central Power were suddenly withdrawn or forced out. India is partly inhabited by tribes and peoples of a primitive culture and with no experience of, or capacity for, government. Our responsibility for these untutored men cannot be abandoned. But if it is to be firmly upheld, what is to be done? No reasonable man would suggest that a hair of Mr. Gandhi's head should be injured, and the suggestion of the "Post"—which has made a good half of the trouble in India—that he has committed crimes for which he should be arrested, imprisoned, or even "executed," is a thoroughly bad one. But it is only fair to warn the leaders of the existing agitation that, if it should prove impossible to

allow him, at this moment, to remain on Indian soil, the friends of Indian self-government here could not resist that course.

THE General Election is off—that is to say, until it is on again. The Prime Minister is said to have come back outwardly gay, but very angry with Sir George Younger, and ingenuously curious to know what all the fuss has been about. This doubtless will be his vein on Saturday. Not daring to tackle his political troubles seriously, he may take the "human" line, and ask why, if he is such a curse to the country, all his enemies should run away from the first chance that appears of getting rid of him. That would be a tolerable *geste*. But it would change nothing. It is not so much the things that Sir George Younger said, as that (being an astute man, as well as powerful and highly popular with his party) he should have gone on saying them in public when all the world had drawn the conclusion that he was demonstrating against the Prime Minister. He did not even say them for himself, but drew Mr. Chamberlain in, so that whatever the Prime Minister may have said or wished about a General Election, he found on his return that the lead was in other hands, and an anti-George movement in full swing in the party on which his Premiership depends. No one excels Mr. Lloyd George in adroitness in softening or hardening a crisis. But tactfulness will hardly serve should the Tory stream run with increasing energy against him. Does he even want to stem it? Shall the Man of Destiny be brought to heel with the crack of the Tory Whip? Or the Dictator lose his crown to a scratch revolt at the Carlton? If prestige has gone, Mr. George will probably think he had better go, too.

FOR Mr. George's tactics are extremely difficult. If, as he obviously wants to do, he deliberately shifts to Liberalism and the Left, the breach with the Tories widens to absolute schism. If he takes the Tory ground imperiously marked out for him, he becomes the prisoner of the reaction, and most of the dazzle and all the apparently free motion go out of his career. Yet, unless he resigns, he must serve the Die-Hards of the Lobby, joined by the semi-Die-Hards of the Carlton, until Lord Birkenhead, or Mr. Chamberlain, or any final nominee of the revolting Tory caucus, overtops his power. *Se soumettre ou se démettre*. What other choice, save the carrying on quibbles of the Coalies' Conference, remains?

I HAVE from one who was present a description of a remarkable international conference held in Paris a few days before Christmas, of which no accounts seem to have reached our Press. The organizer was that enthusiastic Catholic-Socialist, Marc Sagnier, and the purpose was to plead for European fraternity and reconciliation. The speakers included at least one German politician of some note, Herr Hildebrandt, of the Catholic Left; Dr. Redlich, the distinguished Viennese authority on constitutional theory and practice; two Austrian priests of progressive tendencies, as well as several Frenchmen, among whom M. Aulard, the Radical publicist, and M. Grumbach, the Alsatian Socialist, were the chief. The audience numbered from three to four thousand, and was sympathetic. I gladly record this meeting, which evidently was on a larger scale than Lord Parmoor's two similar conferences. One would not have supposed that it was possible for a non-Socialist German to speak in Paris. As yet, however, this welcome tendency towards sanity seems to be confined to the Socialists. The Radicals are fighting the Nationalist reaction solely on domestic issues.

I SUPPOSE there are no limits to what inter-Allied Commissions can say or do, but I should have thought that they had been reached in the "unanimous" finding at Paris to annul the Leipzig trials and demand from the German Government the surrender of the prisoners tried there for retrial by Allied military courts. The ground is that the sentences were too light and that the Leipzig Court made no serious attempt to get at the truth. Now it is next door to incredible that we assented to this. In the first place, we have no quarrel with the Leipzig Court, for five out of six of our cases succeeded. But the point is that the Solicitor-General, Sir Ernest Pollock, gave the Court and the judge the certificate of honesty which the Commission denies them. He was bound, he said, in the House of Commons on August 17th, "to tell them that the manner in which the trials were held indicated a sincere desire to ascertain the truth." Sir Ernest Pollock made a practically identical statement in his introduction to Mr. Claud Mullins's admirable account of the Leipzig trials. "No small achievement," he said, had been accomplished, "even if in a few cases only justice has been asserted." How can Sir Ernest Pollock unsay these words, and we in honor allow him to unsay them? Of course, the whole procedure in Paris is French. In a notorious case they presented a theatrical issue in order to convict the German Command of fiendish cruelty, and supported it by rotten evidence. It failed, and it deserved to fail. But we at all events have not a shadow of reason for going back on Sir Ernest's assurance in the House of Commons. And I predict that we shall not do it.

MR. GIBSON BOWLES had a wonderful career in its way, and yet, for all it achieved, it stopped short of a great success. Bowles was a kind of Whistler; he was too much of a genius, too wayward, too cross-grained, too brilliant for our drab times. His tongue frightened people; and his epigrams, though sometimes as good as Disraeli's, were a little too literary for an age that had forgotten what finish was. I always thought one of the best of them was the description of Balfour and Chamberlain during the Tariff Reform intrigue. Chamberlain was the *pâte dure*; Balfour the *pâte tendre*. Balfour winced under the thrust; it was impossible to forgive a man who said such things. Bowles had the conceited naiveté of his type, and openly rejoiced in his epigrams, which made them sound rather worse. He had great knowledge—of sea-law, of finance, of constitutional precedents, of a good deal of literature; worked hard, and was in fact an accomplished and deadly swordsman. "Punch" likened him to Captain Cuttle; but in spite of his seafaring he did not look at all naval; he had a fierce, rather French, military air. The last time I saw him was during the war in the Voisin in Paris, when he was in the company of Lord Murray of Elibank. Both these famous Copper Captains are now no more.

MR. LOUGH was of the same generation as Bowles, and like him had great Parliamentary ambitions, but there the likeness ended. Mr. Lough was one of the fathers of the Liberal-Irish *entente* of the late 'eighties. He began to talk Home Rule with knowledge and on economic lines when other Liberals talked it through their hats and from sentiment, and his practical spirit was of great assistance to the early movement. Then he laid siege to West Islington. He was a tremendous hand at electioneering, and when finally he drove Richard Chamberlain from that stronghold of Unionism, he showed the way to other Liberal victories. In his earlier days he was a little hard and over-positive, but he mellowed with age, while physically he grew more and

more like the North-Country Irishman from whom he derived. The Education Office was not exactly the berth for him; for he looked at education with an Irishman's eye, not a Liberal Nonconformist's. He was much more at home in Free Trade; but Ireland fashioned him, and her mark was in his mind no less than in his face. He enjoyed life amazingly; and death took him so suddenly and kindly from his old haunts at the Reform that his many companions hardly had time to miss him.

I AM interested in the statement that one of the late Dr. Brown's acts as Minister of the Bunyan Meeting was to soften the breach between the Church and Hale White ("Mark Rutherford") and his father, which followed on the younger man's expulsion from Cheshunt College. Softened it may have been; but healing was impossible, as any reader of the "Autobiography" (where the theme is developed with exquisite variations) must know. White never went back to the old creed and its professors, of whom he made some of the most wonderful little sketches in English literature. Their scenery belongs to the past of Puritan England, of which Dr. Brown's death is a reminder. But when I re-read the "Autobiography" and the "Deliverance" (as I do every month or so) I find myself wondering what books the emancipated boys and girls of our day substitute for "Mark Rutherford's" picture of the troubled life of the soul when one is young. Something easier and nicer? May be; but certainly no spiritual experience of these times has as yet blossomed into such an unfading flower of beauty and remembrance. Bedford is doubtless proud of Dr. Brown's citizenship. But is Bunyan's town conscious of the glory of having harbored a second immortal?

A WAYFARER.

Letters to the Editor.

TURKS AND GREEKS.

SIR,—As the controversy between Mr. O'Connor and myself is reaching the stage of reiteration, I propose to close it on my side with this letter, if I may trespass on your space once more.

First, in answer to Mr. O'Connor's particular statements in his letter of January 5th:—(i.) I fail to see any difference between the successive suggestions which he attributed to me in his first paragraph. (ii.) Nothing like 50 per cent. of the Greeks deported in 1916 perished—at most 10-20 per cent. (bad enough, but the consequence of a genuine deportation, not of a massacre disguised as deportation, and therefore quite different from the treatment of the Armenians). (iii.) Crete is a particularly unfortunate instance for Mr. O'Connor to cite, for there each party massacred the other wherever it was in a majority. The Moslem villages of the Mesarà, gutted in 1897, and still desolate in 1912, were the first example I happened to see of Near Eastern atrocities, and now that Crete is annexed to Greece, Western Anatolia is full of Moslem refugees from Crete (as well as from Epirus and Macedonia), many of whom are being uprooted for the second time. (iv.) There have been "freely elected" Greek deputies in the Ottoman Parliament. Does Mr. O'Connor draw the parallel inference in favor of Turkish rule? (v.) I am quite sure that I could obtain from more than one ex-Turkish Grand-Vizier—as honorable personally as M. Venizelos—assurances equally sincere and explicit that "he and his people would always insist on the absolutely equal treatment" of the Christian subjects of Turkey with the Moslems. (vi.) The outrages in the Greek occupied territories have not been committed by irregulars only, but by regular troops in uniform, and both regulars and irregulars have been armed and organized for this work by the Greek military authorities, the responsibility being traceable at least as far up as a divisional commander (again, see White Paper,

Cmd. 1478, 1921, and "Revue Internationale de la Croix Rouge," 3me année, No. 31). (vii.) While I have given (and shall give) all the publicity I can to the reasons why Greece ought to have no footing on the Anatolian mainland, I have carried on no campaign against Armenia. The accusation is untrue, and "who strikes Greece strikes Armenia" is a fallacy. On the contrary, the Allied control established after the Armistice all over Anatolia would have been the salvation of the Armenians; the Greek landing at Smyrna, which started a new war and brought that control to an end, will prove their destruction if the Greek evacuation is much longer delayed. This Greek attack on Turkey, made with the Allies' sanction, after the Armistice, and accompanied by atrocities, has created the Turkish Nationalist movement, re-created the Turkish army, inflamed Turkish feeling against non-Turkish minorities everywhere, and led directly to the invasion of the Erivan Republic and the offensive against the French in Cilicia. The only reasonable hope of saving the Armenians lies in my policy, not in Mr. O'Connor's.

In conclusion, let me try to sum up the essential difference between Mr. O'Connor's view and mine. Mr. O'Connor thinks, if I understand him rightly, that the Turks are innately bloodthirsty, the Greeks innately humane. I think that neither are abnormally wicked or virtuous, but that the Turks have long, and the Greeks lately, found themselves in conditions in which atrocities are apt to be committed by people of all nations—whether they are Turks, Greeks, Frenchmen, Irish, or English. Now, the necessary permanent conditions of Greek rule in Anatolia, with a subject Turkish majority and an independent Turkey next door, are as provocative of atrocities as the old conditions of Turkish rule in Macedonia, sandwiched in between an independent Bulgaria, Serbia, and Greece; and I am, therefore, not surprised to see the corresponding consequences follow. But I am concerned to get rid of the fatal conditions, whatever State's ambitions have to be sacrificed in the particular case. I put it to the readers of THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM that this is a better policy than helping the Greek dog, painfully rescued from the Turkish dog's fangs, to fasten his own teeth in the Turkish dog's throat, in the belief that the good Greek dog—does not bite!—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE.

16, Carlyle Mansions, Cheyne Walk, S.W. 3.
January 14th, 1922.

LARK-HAWKING.

SIR,—May I add a word to Sir George Greenwood's very just and pointed letter, in your last issue, on the new, fashionable barbarism of hawking larks? There is, of course, no legitimate defence of lark-hawking even in the poverty of our civilization. The Elizabethans flew the hobby at the lark in falconry; Mr. Trevor-Battye and his like-thinking friends of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds prefer the merlin. But between them rises the impassable barrier of a total revaluation of life, which condemns its destruction—and, more particularly, that of life sanctified by its own beauty and in literary tradition—simply for idle fun. And all this talk about "love" and "kindness," so well spitted by Sir George Greenwood, is a perverted recognition that, by modern standards, there is no appeal against this doctrine.

There is one point, however, which Sir George Greenwood has hardly had the space to make more explicit. Mr. Trevor-Battye defends his exploitation of natural "cruelty" by shifting the responsibility upon the "cruelty" of nature, just as the plumage trader defends his destructiveness on the analogy of nature's destructiveness. But apart from the fact that men are not hawks, nature destroys neither for ornament nor amusement, but for the necessity of food. What the "lark-hawker" does is to degrade the hawk's necessity into the man's pleasure, thereby, morally, placing himself below the hawk, which does not kill larks on the plea that they are cruel to insects.—Yours, &c.,

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

THE WAKEFORD PETITION.

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to make known through THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM that a petition is being made to the King to order the reopening of the case in which

the Rev. John Wakeford was declared guilty? Mrs. Freda Hansen asserts that she was the person who met the appellant in Peterboro' Cathedral, and whose absence from the court caused the Lord Chancellor to say that one word from her would have saved an innocent man. The object of the petition to his Majesty is to enable Mrs. Hansen to be cross-examined in court, and it is hoped by Mr. Wakeford's friends that his evidence, which was open to suspicion on account of his inability to call this important witness, will then be accepted as credible, and the verdict, pronounced under the supposition that his story was a clever fabrication, be reversed.

I shall be glad to send a copy of the petition to anyone who will write to me at Coddington Rectory, Chester, enclosing a penny stamp for postage. The forms will hold ten names, and if each applicant will get another nine signatures added beneath his own, he will be doing his bit towards testing the validity of Mrs. Hansen's claim to be "the girl in the cathedral."—Yours, &c.,

W. F. JOHN TIMBRELL.

Poetry.

CONCERT - INTERPRETATION.

(*Le Sacre du Printemps.*)

THE Audience pricks an intellectual Ear . . .
Stravinsky. . . *Quite the Concert of the Year!*

* * * * *

Forgetting now that none-so-distant date
When they (or folk facsimilar in state
Of mind) first heard with hisses-hoots-guffaws
This abstract Symphony; (they boomed because
Stravinsky jumped their Wagner palisade
With modes that seemed cacophonous and queer;)
Forgetting now the hullabaloo they made,
The Audience pricks an intellectual Ear.

* * * * *

Bassoons begin. . . . Sonority envelopes
Our auditory innocence; and brings
To Me, I must admit, some drift of things
Omnific, seminal, and adolescent.
Polyphony through dissonance develops
A serpent-conscious Eden, crude but pleasant;
While vibro-atmospheric copulations
With mezzo-forte mysteries of noise
Prelude Stravinsky's statement of the joys
That unify the monkeydom of nations.

* * * * *

This matter is most indelicate indeed!
Yet one perceives no symptom of stampede.
The Stalls remain unruffled: craniums gleam
Swept by a storm of pizzicato chords:
Elaborate ladies reassure their lords
With lifting brows that signify, "Supreme!"
While orchestrated gallantry of goats
Impugns the astigmatic programme-notes.

In the Grand Circle one observes no sign
Of riot: peace prevails along the line.
And in the Gallery, cargoes to capacity,
No tremor bodes eruptions and alarms.
They are listening to this not-quite-new audacity
As though it were by someone dead,—like Brahms.

* * * * *

But savagery pervades Me; I am frantic
With corybantic rupturing of laws.
Come, dance, and seize this clamorous chance to function
Creatively,—abandoning compunction
In anti-social rhapsodic applause!
Lynch the conductor! Jugulate the drums!
Butcher the brass! Ensanguinate the strings!
Throttle the flutes! . . . Stravinsky's April comes
With pitiless pomp and pain of sacred springs. . .
Incendiarize the Hall with resinous fires
Of sacrificial fiddles scorched and snapping! . . .

* * * * *

Meanwhile the music blazes and expires;
And the delighted Audience is clapping.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

GREAT disappointment was caused in financial circles by the breakdown of the Cannes Conference. But it seems after all as if some hopes may be entertained of the monster international assembly at Genoa; and, with regard to Cannes, it is felt in some City quarters that the failure there will in the end prove a blessing if it puts an end to these spectacular watering-place gatherings under the aegis of the Supreme Council, and shows up the necessity for methods more likely to promote international agreement instead of international suspicion and bickerings. But the fact remains that no progress whatever has as yet been made towards European agreement and reconstruction, and while the world waits and watches for fresh attempts our trade and industry continue to languish. Of all the workers coming under the scope of the Unemployment Insurance Act 16 per cent. are unemployed, as compared with 6 per cent. a year ago.

The continued rise in gilt-edged stocks, though welcome in itself for many reasons, is caused directly by the trade depression. The money that cannot find employment in commerce and production flows into the gilt-edged market, into Treasury Bonds, and into soundly secured new issues. Everyone would prefer to see a trade revival, and, if a set-back in gilt-edged stocks resulted, this would be but a feather-weight in the scale of national advantage. As regards this country's domestic economics, the readjustment process has proceeded as satisfactorily as could be expected in many respects. But this readjustment alone cannot galvanize trade into activity. The key to the unemployment problem lies on the Continent of Europe; it can only be placed in the lock by the united efforts of European statesmen. Until such union is forthcoming, trade will never become satisfactory, do what we may in our own country.

FIVE PER CENT. TREASURY BONDS.

The most important events of the week have been the withdrawal of the $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Treasury Bond issue on Tuesday, and the announcement by the Treasury that on Monday next a new series of bonds will be placed on sale at the price of 99 and bearing interest at 5 per cent. The return to 5 per cent. means a welcome saving to the taxpayer and the enhancement of British credit. But, like the rise in investment stocks, this advent of cheaper borrowing is the direct outcome of the deplorable trade stagnation. The continuous sale of Treasury Bonds was started last July. Since then the terms have twice been revised, and total subscriptions to the various series have been £218 millions. The great popularity of these bonds, especially in the past few months, is almost entirely to thank for the important fact that the floating debt has been reduced, instead of being increased. Expectation that terms less favorable to the investor were about to be introduced led to a tremendous rush on Monday and Tuesday to buy the $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. bonds. Tuesday's subscriptions are believed to constitute an easy record for any single day's sale. The national accounts for the week ending last Saturday show that last week also sales of the bonds were very heavy at over £26 millions. Nevertheless, expenditure was swollen by extraordinary obligations to such an extent that the week added a trifle to the floating debt. With the most productive tax period just beginning and the new bonds likely to evoke a steady, if reduced, response, the outlook would appear to be for a further reduction in the floating debt in the next month or two. The new bonds are to be for five years, the reason being that the period 1926-1927, when they will rank for repayment, is a period previously free from British Government loan maturities.

INDUSTRIAL SHARES AND INVESTMENT STOCKS.

Of great significance to the investment world are the conclusions to be deduced from statistics of the earnings of industry published in the current issue of the "Economist." For there it is seen that the reports of 1,310 industrial con-

cerns showed a decline in 1921 of nearly £28½ millions in profits, as compared with the figures shown in the reports published in 1920. Reports of 311 companies published in the last quarter of 1921 revealed net profits of £14.3 millions, as compared with £30.3 millions of net profit revealed by the reports of the same companies issued in the corresponding period of 1920. Our contemporary shows, moreover, that these 311 companies paid an average of only $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on their ordinary capital, as against 11.6 per cent. a year earlier. Furthermore, in order to pay so high an average rate as $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., a raid had to be made upon reserves and sums carried forward—a process that obviously cannot long continue. The lesson to be learnt from these figures appears without question to be that, with trade continuing bad, the investor in the ordinary shares of industrial and commercial concerns must expect a further sharp drop in the average rate of dividend that he is likely to receive. We have before our eyes the spectacle of British industry struggling to pay, at the expense of reserve funds, an average of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on ordinary shares, whose holders, especially in these troublous times, are subject to all sorts of serious risks, and in all human probability likely to see the rate reduced still further. On the other hand, we see high-class investment stocks, fortified by a security that is safe beyond all reasonable peradventure, offering yields up to 6 per cent. The comparison serves most richly to justify the concentration of the investor during 1921 upon gilt-edged stocks. It also suggests most forcibly that the time has by no means come for a change of investment policy. We all hope that a turn in the tide of industrial fortunes may be not too far off. But there is overwhelming reason for thinking that the time is by no means ripe for investors, small investors at any rate, to leave the safe, if dull, haven of unimpeachable security and embark on the stormy seas of industrial risk. I must apologize for so frequently recurring to this topic, but the "Economist's" figures are so forceful a support of the policy which I have been advocating that I cannot pass them by.

POINTS OF THE WEEK.

The Government of the Commonwealth of Australia made on Monday an issue of £5,000,000 6 per cent. registered stock at 97, redeemable 1931-41—a sound trustee investment. On the same day the Fife Tramway, Light, and Power Company issued £250,000 7 per cent. debenture stock at 93. The high yield, coupled with adequate security, merited the good response accorded. The Liverpool Gas Company are also in the market, with an issue of £600,000 7 per cent. redeemable preference stock at par, which is a well-secured and thoroughly attractive offer.

At Tuesday's meeting of the Association of British Chambers of Commerce the Ter Meulen credit scheme was discussed, and it was decided that each Chamber should answer for itself the questionnaire sent out by Sir D. Drummond Fraser, the organizer of the scheme. Business men are inclined to be decidedly sceptical of the efficacy of credit schemes for improving trade, and comparatively little use has been made of the Government's export credit facilities. It is, however, recognized that Sir Drummond has worked hard and efficiently at the task, and that the Ter Meulen scheme is certainly the best thing of the kind that has so far been put forward.

The balance sheets of the great banks are appearing this week, and complete figures may be available a week hence. Between now and the first week in February the annual meetings of most of the principal banks will be held, and the speeches of the chairmen of the "Big Five" will be awaited with unusual interest. In a paper read to the Royal Statistical Society on Tuesday Mr. Macrosty contended that so far as Bank credit is concerned there has been no deflation in this country. Some of the Bank chairmen are likely to discuss this subject.

L. J. R.



THE ATHENÆUM

No. 4786.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1922.



CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By	621	THE DRAMA:—	
H. J. M.	621	“Queen Victoria’s Owd	
REVIEWS:—		Theater.” By D. L. M.	628
Gerhart Hauptmann’s Idyll.		MUSIC:—	
By J. Middleton Murry	622	English Music in Prague.	
Whistler and the Pennells	623	By Edward J. Dent	630
The Waywardness of the		EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK. By	
Whigs	624	E. S.	632
War Winners	625	FORTHCOMING MEETINGS	634
Allotments on Parnassus	626	THE WEEK’S BOOKS	634
FROM THE PUBLISHERS’ TABLE	626		

The World of Books.

It is perhaps improper to assume that education is a suitable pursuit for a practical nation if a Government Committee says otherwise; but we may pluck up our opinions when another says the reverse. The Report of the Departmental Committee appointed by the Board of Education upon the teaching of English, published towards the end of last year, is a document of nearly four hundred pages and not to be gutted in a page of talk about books. But by anybody interested in speaking, writing, or reading his own language (perhaps 10 per cent. of the whole population) it should be read, if only as telling evidence that ideas voiced originally by the literary good-for-nothings of society have power as well as meaning. It gives one the oddest shock to read this Report. Here is a beggar passing a massive institution and singing a song, when suddenly the notables of the institution put their heads through the gratings and call out to him: “Come in and teach us how to live.”

* * *

ONE might expect an Educational Report to say a few kind words about the English language and the great men who have written it, till they shook the souls of men. But this Report, if a trifle episcopalian in manner, is very far from being so in substance. Formally, decorously, blandly, it hacks our existing system of education to bits. It says, in effect, that English literature and language are not only the self-expression of great natures, but the stone which the nation’s builders have rejected, to the danger of the extinction even of what civilization we already have. That thought must have language in order to live is a truism; that the expressive use of language lends a deeper insight into the true values of human life, language being a process as well as a medium of thought, is not so. No form of knowledge, says the Report, should take precedence of that which teaches us how to write, speak, and read our own language, which involves the whole experience of life, the discovery both of the world and of ourselves, the intimate perception of human relations, and as large a difference between convention and reality as already exists between the latter and the normal education of to-day. I am not interpreting the claims of the Report too liberally. They are that we must leave teaching pointless and irrelevant things for the sake of being men of action, for material utility, for an intellectual gymnastic—for an amiable parasitism in the adult stage—and marry Cinderella to the Prince.

How Cinderella gets on in the elementary and secondary schools, at Eton, Oxford, and Cambridge, is a parable of that “low view of art” which the Report finds disastrously common to the whole community. The Headmaster of Eton, where (in the intervals of hunting hares to death) they prepare the sons of the rich to wear a black coat becomingly—a sufficiently difficult accomplishment, but not one which needs a novitiate of six years—wrote to the members of the Committee that “half an hour is generally enough for an English lesson.” And the Communists fulminate against “the culture of Capitalism”! In the top form of my old Public School, about ten minutes each week were devoted to the reading of stanzas from the “Faery Queen,” and that was as far as we got in the gentle art of expressing thought. An English Literature School has managed to creep into recognition at Oxford, but it is the opinion of the authorities that it is a soft job to comprehend the imagination of Keats, the soul of Shelley, and the heart of Shakespeare. To realize something of the infinite complexities and mysteries of life and experience which the great masters of our own incomparable tongue illuminate, is a musical comedy to the Oxford don. I once heard Miss Cicely Hamilton, in an address pleading for a greater sympathy and imagination towards the world of life, describe how the movements of a squirrel—its art, its self-expression—made her despair of ever shaping a single sentence to express her mind equivalently. But the most difficult thing in the world—the art of embodying impressions in fit and beautiful language—was child’s play to the Oxford don. And there was pleasure in beauty and literature, whispered the old monkish tradition—a taint of the Scarlet Woman. So he tacked philology on to the English School, as something very nasty and very hard—something to keep George Barnwell out of the House of Pleasure—and just as proficiency in bridge is a passport to Society, so proficiency in a bridge played with vowels and consonants instead of cards was the only passport to high honors in the English School. The Ugly Sisters soon righteously put Cinderella in her place.

* * *

For an official Report, this one may well be the broadest and most liberal ever issued in England. But still, the meaning of “English” might be extended to include both a broader concept of modern humanism and the arts and crafts. The essence of literature is beauty and feeling and a sound training in expression, and the appreciation of beauty cannot, without narrowness, shut out the beauty of self-expression in all phenomena, whether human or not. The arts and crafts are usually regarded as the pastime of people who wear sandals and Jaeger shirts. The Report, unique as it is, perhaps fails to see that the reason for the working-man’s suspicion of “middle-class culture” is founded on something deeper than class differences. He feels unconsciously that the distinction between the artist and the maker of things for everyday use is a false one, and that “English” can never be a common possession until the gulf is bridged again.

H. J. M.

Reviews.

GERHART HAUPTMANN'S IDYLL.

Anna. Von GERHART HAUPTMANN. (Berlin: Fischer. 25 m.)

THE most obvious qualities of Gerhart Hauptmann's now considerable work are two: versatility and lyricism. Both are qualities with a large admixture of defect in them; they have a smooth and a seamy side. Versatility is often the cloak of inward uncertainty, lyricism only a name for fluency without control. And in Hauptmann the predominance of the positive over the negative is so wavering and doubtful that our general verdict almost depends on the particular work we have been reading last. He carries versatility to such a point that it is almost impossible to see any single one of his manifestations in relation to a whole. A new book by Hauptmann never seems to be another stone added to a building whose general plan we know; much less does it make the plan more definite. Almost invariably it strikes us as a foundation for a new structure.

Indeed, if we had to find an image to describe Hauptmann's achievement, we should naturally choose a piece of open and beautiful country, on which some imaginative millionaire—another Beckford—had decided to build a town to satisfy his dreams. Roman temples, French châteaux, Indian pagodas, Italian villas, German summer-houses, English cottages, all are there. But the money gave out. Some have no roofs, and those with roofs have no furniture, and those with furniture no inhabitants. An atmosphere of death hangs about the abandoned place. But it has a curious, fantastic charm of its own. The failure of so much fine intention is in itself beautiful; and the grass that has overgrown the buildings, the blend of exquisiteness and desolation, give it a baroque enchantment which the most resolute purpose could hardly have created. Our very wonder at what could have been in the artist's mind makes the spell more powerful; but we can hardly be persuaded that it is the artist's own.

Probably the explanation of Hauptmann's failure—and we can call it a failure only by the most positive standards—is that his driving impulse has been almost wholly æsthetic, and his powers too great to submit to it. He has been haunted by beauty, yet he has instinctively shrunk from the patient, minute, almost niggling labor necessary to the achievement of a purely æsthetic end. On the other hand, the allurements of beauty has been too persistent and too strong to allow him to be single-hearted in pursuit of truth; whenever he has sat down determined to express the verity of his thought and feeling, the will-o'-the-wisp has danced before his eyes. He could not trust himself, in the last resort he could not believe that beauty would come unsought to inhabit an edifice of truth; he could not make the act of faith that a great writer makes naturally. He must find a nearer way, he must feel as he writes the words: "This is beautiful." The divided soul is apparent in all Hauptmann's work. The solid earth on which his realistic novels begin dissolves into a romantic cloudland; the majority of his plays become those amphibious, ambiguous creatures he calls *tragi-comedies*; and the rest are fantasies, *Lustspiele*, *Glasshüttenmärchen*, or fairy-tales.

This is the reason why Hauptmann has many styles, but no style. He is the least recognizable of considerable modern writers. It would be impossible for us, when confronted with an unfamiliar piece of his writing, to say positively "That is Hauptmann." He has no nuance of feeling that is peculiarly his own; he has no individual trick of revealing unsuspected relations in the visible or sensible world. We do not even know what are the elements of experience to which he especially responds, save that he is sensitive to the beauty of great literature, and, indeed, to beauty in all its more familiar manifestations. But he discovers no new ones. In the deepest sense he is not a creative writer at all: he is too big to be a small one, and too small to be a big one; too much a man to trust his dream, too much a dreamer to face the truth.

In his latest work, "Anna," which he calls a country love-poem, his essential insecurity is manifest. And yet, though it is another failure to be added to the long list of

his failures, it comes perhaps nearer to being a success than anything else he has written. It is a long poem—twenty-four cantos of, on the whole, singularly fine hexameters—telling the story of a young poet's return to the village where he had been once a farm-pupil, and his disastrous love for a girl who has succeeded him in his place on the farm. Hauptmann puts two lines from the third Eclogue on his title-page; and his endeavor has obviously been to fit the form and the sentiment of the classical idyll to a story of modern life. The remarkable thing is how nearly he has succeeded. If anyone had told us that we should one day read in a modern hexameter poem of love in a German village, a canto with the old Theocritean refrain to the Muses—

"Hebt den Liebesgesang, Ihr Musen, den Liebesgesang an"—without immediately throwing the book away, it would have seemed incredible. But the incredible thing has happened. We not only did nothing desperate; we positively enjoyed that canto. Even now it seems uncommonly beautiful.

Hauptmann, indeed, uses his powers most admirably in evoking the picture of the German village in the stillness of spring. The directness of the opening, the greeting to Luz Holtzmann when he returns to what had once been his home, carries us completely away. The description of the sunlit farmhouse, of Schwarzkopf the farmer and his pious wife, is so simply and fluently done that we share Luz's emotion. And we are ready, when but the name of Anna is mentioned, to believe that it sped like an arrow to his heart:—

"Luz war wieder allein. Es erschollen die Rufe des Kuckucks
In das lichte Gemach, durch angelweit offene Fenster
unaufhörlich, und Luz, der sie zählte, erhielt ein Jahrhundert
Lebenszeit als Geschenk: wahrhaftig, es war nicht zu
viel ihm.
Zweige streckte herein ein blühender Obstbaum. Er brauste
ganz von Bienen und andren Insekten und duftete köstlich,
Seltsam, wie es mich traf, was ist mir doch diese Elevin?
dass mir stockte das Herz, als ihr Name, Anna, genannt
ward?
Ich war immer ein Narr, und mein Leben lang werd' ich ein
Narr sein."

In his first two cantos Hauptmann has succeeded in the most difficult part of his undertaking; he has charmed us into the idyllic frame of mind. We are ready to believe in his simplified and beautiful world, in his Muses, in his god of love with the twanging bow. There is no need for any subtle psychology; it would only break the spell.

It is but fair to say that Hauptmann does not give us any. Anna appears in the sunlight scattering grain to the fowls. *Ut vidi, ut perii*. But Anna is strange. She seems to respond for a moment to Luz's adoration, then she is cold again. One night when he reads his poems in the kitchen, while Aunt Schwarzkopf is knitting and Anna sewing—a charming scene—he risks saying that he must leave the farm on the morrow. Anna colors suddenly. But that is all. She remains aloof, apparently unmoved. Uncle Just, Schwarzkopf's good-for-nothing brother, who has lost yet another job, and now sleeps in the attic with Luz, tells him that Anna has a devil, a secret.

But Luz, shy and mistrustful, can do nothing against his love. He has been warned against Anna by his pious aunt, who tells him that a schoolboy of the neighborhood committed suicide on her account. There is nothing definitely against her, but still—. And Anna herself behaves mysteriously to Luz, hinting at her unworthiness. One day the uncle and aunt go to a mission festival in a neighboring town, and take Just with them in the hope of introducing him to a new employer. Left alone with Anna, Luz manages to declare his love. They are sitting together in the garden, unperplexed by ecstasy, when Just unexpectedly returns. They have only time to appoint a tryst in the evening. Luz keeps it—in vain. Anna does not come. When he returns to the house, Just tells him that Anna's father and two priests are come back with the uncle and aunt to drive the devil out of her. In despair Luz goes to his room. It is next to Anna's, and he hears the voice of her father strangely coupling her name with Just's and telling her that she must marry one of the priests.

And then—so it seems to us—the poem collapses. Already we have been taken into a misty and uncertain realm by these dark hints concerning Anna. The shadowy connection of her name with Just's is utterly disconcerting. We

have lost our way. We are told that the devil is driven out of Anna by one parson, and that she is betrothed to the other. But why, and what really happened, we do not know. These hints of depravity are merely bewildering. That they are only hints we can understand, because if they were facts they would simply refuse to be reconciled with the Anna presented to us in the early part of the poem; but, being only hints, they are not solid enough to support the unexpected *dénouement*. The story which began in the clearness of bright sunlight ends in a fog.

The poem fails because it violates the canon of simplicity necessary to the idyll. It is the last form in the world in which to attempt to be dark and mysterious. The idyll can be tragic. The second of Theocritus is tragic enough for anybody. But it must be straightforward and precise. "Distinctness," said Keats, "is the poet's luxury," and nowhere is the luxury so much a necessity as in a traditional poetic form. For we come to it with certain expectations; we are ready to meet the poet half-way, prepared to accept a simplification of life. We do not pause to ask why or how Luz fell in love with Anna. But the poet who calls on us to make a contribution to his fiction, as Hauptmann does with a confidence wholly admirable, must be doubly careful what he does with it. He is bound by the very completeness of our surrender not to presume upon it. There is a tacit agreement between the reader and the poet.

In "Anna" Hauptmann breaks it; and the reason, we feel, is the same as ever. He cannot trust himself. To have carried on the story quite simply, to have made the tragedy of the poem consist, as it perfectly well might have done, in Anna's being compelled by her father to marry someone else, would have seemed to Hauptmann too simple altogether. One does not live in the twentieth century—with all its repressions, inhibitions, complexes, and the paraphernalia of up-to-date psychology—for nothing. True; but the reply is that if you are bent on being really up-to-date, you do not write idylls. But if you do (and there is not the faintest reason why you should not, if you are content to appeal to that in human nature which is the same to-day as it was in the third century B.C.), then you must abide by the rules of the game you have chosen to play. To be *à la mode* and classical at the same time is impossible, for the classical is precisely that which ignores the fashion. Hauptmann attempts the impossible because, as he has shown before (for example, in "Der Bogen des Odysseus"), it is only the external quality of classicism which attracts him. He is enamored of its beauty, without caring for its truth, and without seeing that the truth is the essential condition of the beauty.

As often before, he has been caught in two minds. He has begun by aiming deliberately at writing something beautiful, and been frightened of his own simplicity. His nerve has failed him again; but this time not before he got half-way through a poem which is always interesting, and contains long passages of sustained and simple excellence. We could quote from any one of the first half-dozen cantos. The following lines come from the fourteenth:—

"Schmetternd geigte der Fink, gewaltig ertönte des Pirols
heller Ruf. Es revierte der Wiedehopf laut durch die
Dorfmark.
Aufgeplatzt im Rondell war der brünstige Ball der Pöonie,
dunkelrot. Ihre Stauden umgab das Smaragdgrün der Wiese.
Blendend gelte darin die dotterfarb-fettige Wolfsmilch.
Doch Bewegung und Fülle des Klanges und Wettstreit der
Farben,
all dies Drängen und Weben im Licht: es vermochte ein
süßes
Schweigen nicht zu ersticken, das fruchtbar und schläfrig
im Licht lag.
Und es schienen wie Seelen des Schweigens die lautlosen
Falter,
traumhaft taumelnd, wie blind, in beweglichem Schläfe
befangen,
Sonnambulen des Tags, und magische Stille verbreitend."

That is simple and lovely, and there are dozens of passages of the kind. German hexameters run much better than English. The power of having the verb at the end of the clause is most valuable. But it is not the aptitude of the German language to a classical metre which distinguishes Hauptmann's poem, but a very deep and genuine love of the German country life. It is a pity that he ever took it into his head to be modern.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

WHISTLER AND THE PENNELLS.

The Whistler Journal. Edited by E. R. and J. PENNELL.
(Lippincott. 38s.)

THE matter of "The Whistler Journal" is not entirely new; some stories in it are gathered from the "Life"; and as nearly all the most beautiful things that Whistler composed were reproduced in the earlier volume, some of those which appear in the supplementary one have a slighter interest. Nevertheless, the new book is indispensable and must be read with the other. It is full of curiosities of art and letters, as well as of delightful sketches of reminiscent and illustrative work. It is intimate, and the great Jimmie lives again in the tender domesticity that the Pennells bestowed on him. We suppose that the whole history of art reveals no instance of one artist, of a temperament so difficult as Whistler's, becoming the subject of a life's devotion at the hands of another. The relationship had no touch of sycophancy. "Jo" Pennell, the most self-willed of men—a very Whistler for asserting and getting his way—was a famous artist during the greater part of the Whistler period; while Mrs. Pennell was one of the busiest, most popular, and most accomplished women in London. The simple truth was that they fell in love with Whistler; saw the exact measure of the half-neglect into which his rather demoniac personality had drawn his art; and set him on the pinnacle of greatness which was his true position. There he stands to-day, with the Pennells still on the watch lest some felon hand should pull him down again. It is enough simply to shut one's eyes, and, reviving one's memory of half-a-dozen of Whistler's works, to refresh it with the reproductions of the "Life" and the "Journal," in order to realize what an artist he was, and how profound was his influence on the æsthetic life of his times and (far more than Morris) on its sense of decoration. It is true that in a sense Whistler was an artist of the rich. No one who has seen the wonderful "Peacock Room" and the sumptuosities of dress in some of the portraits can come to any other conclusion. But Mr. Pennell rightly says that though Whistler thought that art had "nothing to do with the people," "it was from the houses of the people rather than the palaces of the few" that he derived his favorite and constantly developing decorative ideas—walls washed with simple tones, dark-stained floors, doorways contrasting with the walls, and plain washes of distemper. These beautiful, simple notions were a half-conscious reaction from the medieval elaboration of Morris. But they were also the fruit of Whistler's exquisite feeling for light, revealed in wide, unoccupied spaces, as well as of the simplicity he caught and adapted, in sheer gaiety of mind and character, from the Japanese. And the man who hated "nature," and lived in and for the town, was also the one great painter of the Night, and of the violets and purples that Night strewed over the veiled waters of his beloved river.

The "Journal" is an astonishingly candid book, and its record of Whistler's jests, quarrels, loves, clothes—during his last illness he wore a white silk night-shirt over black trousers and a little black coat—his later pathetic wanderings, his debts and his dinners, fills some blanks in the "Life," and softens Whistler's later personality, childlike in its dependence on the motherliness of the Pennells. It has also enabled them to dissipate the legend of the Greaves. Walter Greaves was something of an artist. But the notion that his work was other than a close derivation from the Master cannot survive these pages. His portraits of Whistler—theatrically hard and mechanical, and entirely superficial—fix his artistry at a far lower level than his oil-painting "Passing under Battersea Bridge." But with the destruction of the date (1862) first assigned to this work, the idea that this picture was the original of Whistler's famous "Battersea Bridge" disappears also. It seems to us that Greaves's picture divides itself into two parts—one a lovely suggestion of the Master's hand, the other, the foreground, a hard and literal adaptation of it. The truth about Greaves's dependence on the original genius of Whistler is told in outline in the "Life," and the further and minute revelation of the "Journal" completes the tale.

Whistler's half-comic anti-Englandism is a good deal emphasized in the "Journal." It was fed by the Boer War; but British Philistinism was a continual provocation to his wit, and his war-dance round its devoted body kept the feud going till his death. But it might have been healed over

and over again. For two generations the greatest painter of his time made London his home; painted her life, her river, her streets and wharves, and some chosen few of her citizens as they had never been painted before. But he remained a stranger and a casual exhibitor to the end, as well as the most extraordinary diner-out of his time. Whistler despised democracy, and the Pennells make it clear that he would have taken a knighthood, even a membership of the Royal Academy, if they had ever been offered to him. They never were. So he fumed and gibed away; deified the Boers; and verbally crucified and maltreated the various idols of the "islanders." He fought baresark; and getting some cruel wounds in the fray, inflicted not a few. Yet we are not at all sure that when the accounts are made up, any contemporary artist will stand higher. It shines with a queer lustre; but did genius ever shine with any other?

THE WAYWARDNESS OF THE WHIGS.

In Whig Society, 1775-1818. By MABELL, COUNTESS OF AIRLIE. (Hodder & Stoughton. 15s.)

THE most notable impression which one gathers from this interesting book, containing the correspondence of Elizabeth, Viscountess Melbourne, and Emily Lamb, Countess Cowper, is that the old Whigs were singularly unlucky in their matrimonial affairs. It may well be that in the reign of George III., when the middle classes were steadily coming under the influence of the Evangelical revival and the working classes under that of Wesley and Whitefield, the Whigs owed to their loose morals some of that distrust which so long excluded them from office. In 1822 Lady Campbell, daughter of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, writes to Lord Auckland's sister, Miss Emily Eden, a typical Whig: "Emily, does it strike you that vices are wonderfully prolific among the Whigs? There are such countless illegitimates among them, such a tribe of Children of the Mist." Many of these children lived with their fathers in the patriarchal style. Thus Raikes tells us of Lord Cholmondeley, nicknamed "Lord Tallboy," who was a prominent member of the Devonshire House set: "Lady Cholmondeley (a daughter of the Duke of Ancaster) was good nature personified. Besides their three children there were at that time two beautiful girls in the house, who found a father's care and affection in Lord Cholmondeley." The elder, who went by the name of Miss Cholmondeley, was probably his daughter, though others said General Keppel's. The younger, Miss Seymour, was a daughter of that amazing courtesan, Mrs. Grace Dalrymple Eliot, "Dally the Tall," who had lived in turn with Lord Cholmondeley, the Comte d'Artois, and the Duc de Chartres. When this child was born in March, 1782, Mrs. Eliot had her christened Georgina Augusta Frederica, and recorded in the parish register of Marylebone that she was the daughter of George, Prince of Wales. He denied the paternity, and his friends declared that the infant was the child of George Wyndham, brother of the third Lord Egremont. Finally, Lord Cholmondeley took charge of this interesting infant, brought her up in his own house as one of his own children, and finally married her to Lord Charles Bentinck, a son of the Duke of Portland. The other young lady, Miss Cholmondeley, married the 1st Earl of Durham.

Two of the names which figure in Raikes's instructive narrative appear in this book—George, Prince of Wales, and the third Lord Egremont—for both of them were admirers in more than a platonic sense of the lady who occupies the centre of the stage, Lady Melbourne, mother of Queen Victoria's first Prime Minister. She was a Milbanke, a singularly beautiful woman, whose features remain to us on the canvases of Reynolds and Cosway. She married Sir Peniston Lamb, a spendthrift and a libertine, who squandered the immense fortune left him by his father, was created an Irish Viscount in 1781, and an English peer in 1815. Sir Peniston Lamb's name appears prominently in the memoirs of Mrs. Bellamy and Mrs. Baddeley, the courtesans of that age, and it is evident that while she had little hope of a happy married life, his wife found

other admirers, and devoted herself to securing honors for her husband as a method for the advancement of her family. Torrens, in his life of her son, the second Lord Melbourne, quotes a significant letter from Lord Minto, written in 1805, concerning a visit which her sons William and George had paid to Roehampton: "They are very unlike; the eldest puts me in mind of Wyndham; the other has something of the Prince of Wales, only stunted, but very like in some points of manner." William Lamb, whose likeness to Egremont is here noted, was born nine years after his brother Peniston—on whom his father lavished all his affection—and he spent much of his early life at Petworth, Lord Egremont's famous seat in Sussex. He was an extraordinary character, this Egremont, who started life as a Whig, though he developed Tory tendencies towards the close of his long life. A pioneer in scientific farming, a patron of Turner, Constable, and Gainsborough, he was "blunt without rudeness, caustic without bitterness." Creevey, the diarist, who visited him with Lord and Lady Sefton in 1827, when Egremont was seventy-seven, writes: "Simplicity and sarcasm are his distinguishing characteristics. He has a fortune, I believe, of £100,000 a year, and never man could have used it with such liberality and profusion as he has done. He has given each of these natural daughters £40,000 upon their marriage; he has dealt on the same liberal scale with private friends, with artists, and lastly with by no means the least costly customers—with mistresses, of whom Lady Melbourne must have been the most distinguished leader in that way."

This was how the Melbournes lived, and their Whig friends could afford to throw no stones at them. Lady Holland, the queen of Holland House, had been divorced by Sir Godfrey Webster before she married Lord Holland. Charles James Fox, the idol of the Whigs, had married in 1795 (and announced the fact in 1802) Mrs. Armistead, a lady who had acquired culture, charm, and refinement, although she was said to be the daughter of a Methodist shoemaker. She had lived under the protection of the Duke of Dorset, who eloped with the Countess of Derby, whereupon the Earl of Derby consoled himself with the society of Mrs. Armistead. The latter subsequently lived with Lord Cholmondeley before she became the wife of Charles Fox. The letters in this book record the diverting fact that Lady Holland and Mrs. Fox were very jealous of one another, and that on a visit to Paris during the Peace of Amiens in 1802, Lady Holland objected to Mrs. Fox being presented to Madame Bonaparte on the same day as herself. During this period in Paris we read of Lady Oxford (the wife of the 5th Earl, whose family name was Harley, and whose children were called the "Harleian Miscellany") appearing with her *cavalier sergente*, Arthur O'Connor, the United Irishman, who had escaped in 1798 to France and become a general in Napoleon's army. Thérèse Cabarrus, "Notre Dame de Thermidor," who after many matrimonial adventures was then living with Barras, got Charles Fox into an awkward predicament by inviting him to dinner, and then inviting Lady Oxford, who, in turn, invited General O'Connor. Sir Robert Adair, the faithful friend of Fox, sends off a long letter to Lady Melbourne to explain that Fox is being unfairly attacked for meeting this dangerous character, and that the true facts ought to be known in London.

Lady Melbourne's eldest son, Peniston, died in 1805 in his thirty-fifth year, and his mother devoted herself to the careers of her younger sons. She arranged their marriages, and both proved failures. William, her favorite, married Lady Caroline Ponsonby, daughter of the Earl of Bessborough, and niece of his mother's friend Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. She was wayward and wild, subject to ungovernable fits of temper, and, according to Lady Airlie, was treated with indolent neglect by her husband. Then came that fantastic intrigue with Lord Byron, preceded by rather compromising episodes with Sir Godfrey Webster (Lady Holland's first husband). The relations between Lady Caroline Lamb and her mother-in-law at this period are exhibited in a letter in which Lady Melbourne says:—

"I only write you a few lines for the purpose of preventing your coming to me loaded with falsehood and flattery under the impression that it will have any effect—which, I most solemnly assure you, it will not. I see you have no shame and no compunction for your past conduct."

After some edifying remarks on the duty a married woman owed to her husband not to compromise his honor as well as her own—observations which Egremont would have doubtless perused with that invariable smile of courteous cynicism—the virtuous mother-in-law ended thus:—

"Only one word more—let me alone. I will have no more conversations with you upon this hateful subject. I repeat it, let me alone, and do not drive me to explain the motives of the cold civility that will henceforward pass between us."

Lady Caroline's infatuation for Byron seems to have been mingled romanticism and resentment inspired by the indolent good-nature of William Lamb. Byron soon tired of it, and she was exiled to her parents' seat in Ireland. There she received a letter from the poet under Lady Oxford's seal: "I am no longer your lover, I shall never be less than your friend." Back in London, at Lady Heathcote's ball, Lady Caroline met Byron with Lady Oxford leaning on his arm. Shrieking in the ears of the startled guests, she broke a glass, scratched herself with the pieces, and then began wounding herself with a pair of scissors. Then came the episode of Byron's marriage. His wife was a niece of Lady Melbourne, and the latter had something to do with arranging the marriage. It was, as all the world knows, a failure, and when the family were trying to forget it, Lady Caroline Lamb stirred all the scandal up again by publishing a melodramatic novel, "Glenarvon," in which she and Byron, Lady Oxford, and Lady Melbourne all appeared in thin disguises, while the actual text of the letters between herself and Byron was given in the novel.

With her son George's wife Lady Melbourne had also many anxieties. "Caro George," as she was called by the Melbournes to distinguish her from the other Caroline Lamb, was another of these Whig "Children of the Mist." She was called Caroline Rosalie Adelaide St. Jules, and was the daughter of William, fifth Duke of Devonshire, and of Lady Elizabeth Foster, the intimate friend of the famous Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, the "Gainsborough Duchess." Lady Elizabeth Foster had entered that strange establishment at Devonshire House as the governess of a girl who was the daughter of the Duke born before his marriage, her mother being a Miss Spencer, the daughter of a country clergyman. Caroline St. Jules was born while Lady Elizabeth Foster and Georgiana were both living at Devonshire House on terms of friendship. After Duchess Georgiana's death, Lady Elizabeth married the widowed Duke, and her name frequently occurs in this correspondence. After "Caro" married George Lamb we find her mother-in-law writing to her in Geneva (where she was staying with the Duchess Elizabeth) remonstrating with her on her too noticeable friendship with Henry Brougham. She had gone abroad, much to her husband's annoyance, but she protested to her mother-in-law that there was "nothing in it," though Lady Melbourne was still unsatisfied.

So this great Whig lady passed the evening of her days, until her death in 1818. She had glittered in many halls and intrigued in many drawing-rooms, but her rewards had been meagre. Her old friends were dying off, and she did not live to see her favorite son William become Prime Minister, and her daughter Emily the wife of another Prime Minister. These letters reveal the emptiness of her life, and the secret of the failure of the old Whigs to impress public opinion with the confidence that their talents should have deserved. Incidentally, it is interesting to have Lady Airlie's opinion that "the passing of the Reform Bill probably saved the English from the fate of the French aristocracy."

WAR WINNERS.

While I Remember. By STEPHEN McKENNA. Thornton Butterworth. 21s.)

SUPPOSE they all began to do it, lest they forgot—all those clever young heroes who were secretaries to Secretaries of the Departments that won the war; imagine all of them indefatigable at their autobiographies! Suppose they all began to detail to us their school triumphs (with which they are still at close quarters), at a guinea a volume, with reflections upon the political chronicles to be found in the

"Annual Register"; and became wistful with pictures of the little victims at play till the day came when Europe erupted, and they took the sacrificial oath never to sheathe their fountain pens till the Hun was down and out and war could be no more!

It will be so helpful to the future historian, who will be able to get the atmosphere of the fairly front line from the war correspondents, the strategy from Mr. George's speeches, and the pictures of the home fronts from the diaries of those who fought in the Great Departments. Yet it is possible, however, that the historian may skip Mr. McKenna's very long preamble about the days of hope and promise at school, and it is likely he will feel that he himself could write a sketch of the "nineties" with the aid of a newspaper index quite as well as one who was very young in those days. What he will want is the personal record of the hero's initiation into warfare. Mr. McKenna, thoughtfully, here shows him that this can be skipped by emphasizing the real business in italics. This is the diary, which takes up twenty-three pages of the book's 313. The author reminds us of those terrible Zeppelin nights when "the anxious hero, as cool as any policeman, walked home between the bombardments of the anti-aircraft guns," and, "after a broken night," would "awake with a headache." Those headaches! But we got them in a good cause.

In 1917 Mr. Balfour and others, including Mr. McKenna, went to America. What happened to one member of the mission is described in this diary. The judicious author "indicates everything not closed with a confidential seal." The excitement began with the raising of the anchor: "Orders issued for every man, woman, and child to put and keep on lifebelts." Mr. McKenna steeled his heart amid the perils of the sea, and had eyes for everything. He noted that the Atlantic, "considering its size," was "amazingly deserted." In St. John he spent "an airless and seismic night" while waiting to cross the frontier; but he did "arrive safely in Washington." This was all the more wonderful because, despite pilot engines and guarded lines and a secret route, sleepers had been laid across the line the previous night. Mr. Le Queux could not better that. Fortunately no one was injured, there being no wreck. Presumably, though we are not told, the sleepers had been removed. . . . The excitement becomes frantic:—

"Reception at White House; presented to President Wilson. Similar receptions in England would be made more tolerable if we adopted American practice of encouraging guests to smoke."

That is a tip which should not be forgotten by the strategists in the next war. Two days after smoking at White House Mr. McKenna was "rejoicing at opportunity of wearing silk hat and morning coat so carefully carried 3,000 miles." As we should expect of a novelist, he gave attention to the scenery. The Niagara Falls, "in size, beauty, and volume of water, came up to my expectations."

There was more in this American adventure than silk hats and cigars. On the way to Montreal Mr. McKenna spent "nine hot, dusty hours wherein I was almost too tired to smoke or look out of window; general coma. . ." But later he had the compensation, "after a tête-à-tête dinner," of walking with Sir William Peterson to the Mount Royal Club. How could history be properly written had he been silent about that walk?

The adventures began again immediately he had started on the return journey, the long task done.

"As we are a valuable mission, not lightly to be sunk by first Hun submarine, as General Pershing, of the U.S. Expeditionary Force, may meet us at Halifax and cross with us on the Olympic, and as part of his staff is already with us, we are seeking to elude the omnipresent Boche by lying in siding in peculiarly deserted portion of Dominion from 9 a.m. till 1.30 a.m. to-morrow."

Ridiculous for the Germans to hope to defeat us when such men were snug in a railway siding in a Canadian desert! We were wondering if Mr. McKenna could get through such fierce times without a collapse when we were relieved by a note made a few days later: "After a long night in a comfortable state-room I felt better than I have done for weeks." But his troubles were not over, for the management provided an impromptu submarine scare. The bugle sounded. "With a view to avoiding crowded

promenade deck," our author "sauntered on to boat deck." It was a fortunate scare, for afterwards he found that "in the disorder" he had "got rid of a very uncomfortable life-belt in favor of one both more comfortable and more becoming." The following day he "devoted to work, and dined with the Secretary of State." On Saturday, June 9th, 1917, he reached England again, and the diary ends with this comforting note: "Called at 6.0, but did not enter special train till 11.15. Read that J. H. Thomas had been made a Privy Councillor, which left pleasant taste in mouth at end of long, varied, and pleasant mission."

It is not only the atmosphere of war that they convey, but the sheer intrinsic interest of these entries, that will appeal to the historian. "One page from the journal of Alcibiades," writes Mr. McKenna, in explaining his reason for publishing this book, "might well be more instructive than three volumes of the wisdom of Socrates at seventy." But why explain? Whether at twenty or seventy it depends upon one's capacity for seeing, understanding, and selecting. Alcibiades was not Socrates, Socrates was not Alcibiades, and Mr. Stephen McKenna is Mr. McKenna.

ALLOTMENTS ON PARNASSUS.

Seeds of Time. By JOHN DRINKWATER. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d.)

Behind the Eyes. By EDGELL RICKWORD. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d.)

In Time Like Glass. By W. J. TURNER. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 5s.)

Wheels, 1921: Sixth Cycle. Edited by EDITH SITWELL. (Daniel. 3s. 6d.)

Oxford Poetry, 1921. Edited by ALAN PORTER, RICHARD HUGHES, and ROBERT GRAVES. (Blackwell. 7s. 6d.)

The Nazarene. By ALLEN BROCKINGTON. (Erskine MacDonald. 7s. 6d.)

MR. DRINKWATER'S verse strikes the reader as better adapted to the narrative or dramatic than the lyric form, and in the last he is constantly stirring unfulfilled expectations. He lacks the freedom, fire, and abandon of the lyrical poem, and marches somewhat stiffly in the confined area of his reflective themes, without always realizing that poetic gravity is only a razor's edge from solemnity, and a quiet acceptance of life's dignity and permanence, from complacency. The present volume is not the equal of "Olton Pools" (1916), or "Tides" (1917), or "Loyalties" (1919), and we are not sure that it is by any means clear in the distinction between revealing and glorifying the common and stressing the commonplace. There are some taking pieces in the volume, notably "Thrift," claiming that beauty which is not appreciated unto itself, but as "the shadow of another bliss, loses both that delight and this"; "A New Ballad of Charity," and the comely, well-knit love song, "Covenant":—

"Star to rejoicing star shall move.
And flower on happy flower shall shine,
But all the sorrows of our love—
Let them be wholly mine."

With the exception of these and a few others, "Seeds of Time" makes but a labored climb to life, and leaves us conscious of the journey rather than its end. The love-sonnet sequence at the close has its dignity compromised by sententiousness.

Mr. Rickword, a new poet sprung to distinction, illustrates a rather disquieting tendency in modern verse. We might almost call him a leader in the new Unicorn School, which has replaced the old idols of sardonius and chrysoprase. These poets are the gossellers of otherness, so to speak; they are phantom-lovers and burrow the underlands, clasping a strange world of hippogriffian illusions in a sickness of the real. Donne's "get with child a mandrake root" lingers caressingly in Mr. Rickword's ears, and his fantasies have the smell of the cere-cloth and are in a world apart from the bright, twirling harlequinades Mr. Graves

can fetch us at his best. For that reason Mr. Rickword is more satisfying in his war poems, which possess a grim, almost ghoulish power, founded upon the real:—

"Colonel Cold strode up the Line
(Tabs of rime and spurs of ice),
Stiffened all where he did glare,
Horses, men, and lice."

But the drift is disintegrative and has no future, though we should be the last to deny that Mr. Rickword knows how to rule his ghost-enchanted kingdom and imparts his imperium to his verse and metre.

Mr. Turner's dark imagination hurries him to a kindred Plutonian shore. He has always had a magical heart's desire for "the unknown and silent shore," and his first poem:—

"Above the cold Cordilleras hung
The winged eagle and the Moon:
The gold, snow-throated orchid sprang
From gloom where peers the dark baboon,"

re-echoes his now famous early poem about Popocatepetl. But the boundaries of the world afford no resting-place for his Muse, who now leans her ear for what he might call the susurrus of simulacra, and reality throws only a blacker shade in the phosphorescence of a haunted imagination. There is little loveliness on earth:—

"But in transparency of thought,
Out of the branched, dark-foliaged word,
There flits a strange, soft-glimmering light,
Shy as a forest bird."

In "The Ape," "Song of Africa," and others, the triumph of the impression is shorn away by this unruliness of escaping vision. Thus, the most beautiful pieces—and they can thrill us with an unearthly (in the stricter sense) beauty—are those like "Stars" and "Portrait of a Lady," where the real loses its contour and blends with a landscape of charmed night:—

"The Moon has lost its light
To your wan face;
Night's fishing fleet, the stars,
Dragged Time for aons ere they found those eyes.
Antique fires drowned in many a waveless gem,
Now on your snowy skin
Flicker agen."

Inhuman music, but one captivating a mysterious sense within us, rarely evoked.

In "Wheels" the unicorn shows his circus paces, and it is perhaps not inappropriate that the title has been pasted upside down. Mr. Osbert Sitwell's Mexican songs ("Up flames the flamingo over the fandango") bleed a rich crimson; Mr. Aldous Huxley is at his liveliest grimaces, and concludes with an arsenical benediction; Mr. Barber frisks divertingly in Piccadilly; Mr. Charles Orange jazzes with the macabre (the ghosts of the lovers drowned in the lake change hats in the old barouches); Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell indulges now a sombre, now a quaint fancy; Miss Edith Sitwell's very special fruit (pomegranates) falls into her mouth in rhyming the fall of the Countess of Desmond from an apple-tree at the age of one hundred and forty; Mr. Paul Selver has a Panurgeical Pantoum on the folly of fame, and Mr. Augustine Rivers a savage, rather ill-natured, but very shrewdly mordant satire on a certain autocratic literary group in our midst. It's a queer game, but it has its points, even though we have nothing more to say of it at the end than Holy Cockatrices and Boot-buttons.

The present instalment of "Oxford Poetry" has been published on a better plan than the former issues. The editors have attempted to make the volume "more representative of Poetry and less representative merely of Oxford than its predecessors," a course we have suggested in previous reviews of the series in these columns. The writers are fewer, but they have nearly all achieved a place in the larger field of literary London. Mr. Prewitt has a neat and melodious way with him, Mr. Rickword—is Mr. Rickword, and Mr. Richard Hughes blows iridescent word-bubbles. But the princes of the collection are Mr. Blunden and Mr. Graves; the latter happens to be at his very best, as Mr. Blunden, except in his exquisite "The Watermill," almost classical in its loveliness, hardly is. We are not sure that "The Unicorn and the White Doe" is not, for elfin grace and enchantment of

THE GENOA CONFERENCE

with its promise of credits and reorganised trade, brings a promise of RESTORATION FOR RUSSIA. But it cannot meet till MARCH, and some months may pass before the effect of its decisions is felt.

Meanwhile the Peasants of the Volga Region are Dying Out.

Dr. Farrar, the son of Dean Farrar, formerly a famine expert in India, who gave his life for Russia, wrote a description of the suffering before his recent death from typhus in Moscow.

One village, Kano (he wrote), with a normal population of 3,000 has now only 1,000 inhabitants left.

In a shelter for foundlings at Marxstadt, out of 100 children, 42 had died in the previous 24 hours.

He saw in the main street of Buzuluk town the corpse of a woman gnawed by dogs.

He collected specimens of the bread now being eaten, made from grass seeds, oak leaves, straw, bone meal, clay, and horse dung.

You Can't Restore Corpses.

It is Useless to Talk of Restoring Russia if the Famine Rages Unchecked.

Our prospect of again obtaining cheap bread through the revival of Russian Agriculture depends on keeping the Volga peasants alive, for this region, though subject to periodic drought, contains much of the most fertile land in Russia.

CONSIDER THESE FIGURES.

Congress for the U.S.A. has voted \$20,000,000.

The Soviet Government has spent already £15,000,000 (gold) and voted £4,000,000 more.

The British Government has given £100,000.

America does not need Russian wheat—We do.

While Governments confer, we must give, if Britain is to play a worthy part.

Whatever you give will be distributed in Russia by British hands.

Donations should be sent at once to the Hon. Treasurer,

THE RUSSIAN FAMINE RELIEF FUND,

Room E. 2, GENERAL BUILDINGS, ALDWYCH, LONDON, W.C.

President: The Rt. Hon. The Lord Mayor of London.

Chairman: The Rt. Hon. Lord Emmott, G.C.M.G.

The Russian Famine Relief Fund and the Save the Children Fund wish it to be understood that they operate in different parts of the Famine Area, and neither compete nor overlap in the distribution of relief. There is only too much room for both.

Issued by the Imperial War Relief Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1916).

melody, the best thing Mr. Graves has done. "Sullen Moods," too, has power, feeling, and closeness of texture.

"The Nazarene" is a series of blank-verse narrative poems upon episodes in the life of Christ. It has a certain prosiness and naïveté in parts, but, on the whole, is very impressive in the simplicity of the conception and originality of the handling. We are back in the world of reality, and each word is a footfall that brings us further on the road. Mr. Brockington has once more made a good story out of the fabric of the Gospels.

From the Publishers' Table.

Mr. A. M. HYAMSON has compiled, and Messrs. Routledge have published, "A Dictionary of English Phrases" (12s. 6d. net). Its field of reference is varied. Here may be discovered the meaning of such words as have been acclimatized in the crisis of war or the progress of inventions; of classical appellations as applied to the moderns; of slang which has become permanent; of borrowings from foreign languages; and the like. There are 14,000 entries. It is a reference book in which a desultory light reading is also possible.

THE Cambridge University Press will publish shortly a work entitled "Seneca and Elizabethan Tragedy," by Mr. F. L. Lucas. Mr. Lucas is Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and contributed criticisms of classical studies to THE ATHENÆUM during 1920.

RECENT book catalogues include No. 9 from Messrs. Dobell, Bruton Street, with a remarkable section devoted to Pope; No. 179 from Messrs. Blackwell, dealing with India, China, and Japan; and No. 21 from Messrs. Grafton, recording, chiefly, incunabula and early books. Mr. McGoff, of Liverpool, issues the first list of a new series, containing a collection of the moderns, and "the first American edition" of "Elia," 1835. This is not accurate: "Elia" had been pirated at Philadelphia in 1828; but the edition of 1835 is an uncommon book nevertheless.

"A HANDBOOK of the Baroda Library Department," by Mr. Newton M. Dutt, is chiefly interesting to those expert in library organization: but the lay mind may also admire. The Central Library, it is to be noticed, has over 11,000 Sanskrit and other MSS., chiefly collected by Mr. R. A. Shastry. His discoveries have been numerous and valuable enough to warrant the publication of the best of them in a series under the authority of H.H. the Maharaja.

MESSRS. PROBSTHAIN & CO., 41, Great Russell Street, write: "The monopoly of the supply of Sanskrit literature has in the past been held by Germany. We have acted upon the advice of our first professors, and established for the convenience of English students a dépôt dealing comprehensively with Sanskrit literature. A carefully compiled Catalogue is just being issued. We may state that such a complete and systematic list has never yet appeared in England."

AN international weekly paper, edited by the Swiss novelist Albert Steffen, and entitled "Goetheanum," is published at Dornach and Basle. It represents the Anthroposophical Movement. The London headquarters are at 10, Orchard Street, W. 1.

"THE Twentieth Plane" is a neat, pocket-size magazine published at 46, Colborne Street, Toronto, and to be had here of Messrs. W. H. Smith, a fact in which there is nothing remarkable. The material which it contains, however, is written by spirits, and received through Mr. Louis Benjamin. We are glad to see, in the December number, that S. T. Coleridge is still capable of tying us into mental knots in

a brief editorial. His style is not, however, what it was. He claims to have been placed by the other dwellers on the "Twentieth Plane" "in the position of manager and editor of most of the communication that flows from this world to your world for publication." We cannot help feeling a trifle anxious over the success of the appointment.

WE are diverted by the news that Dr. Alois Brandl, of Berlin, one of Coleridge's more imaginative biographers, has included a statement as to "the literary remains of Shakespeare, brought to the special knowledge of a gentleman near Stratford who was knighted in 1678," in his forthcoming "Shakespeare." The publishers, Ernst Hofmann & Co., believe that this book will in some other considerations disturb conventions.

The Drama.

"QUEEN VICTORIA'S OWN THEATYER"

"Down with the tyrant and the devastator!" cries the enraged Pekoe in H. J. Byron's "Aladdin." "This," retorts the severely practical Widow Twankay:—

"This is not the Victoria Theatyer."

From this couplet we perceive that in 1861 the "Old Vic" (occasionally honored by a more rubescent prefix) was looked upon as a place where you could comfortably let yourself go. It is true that its foundation-stone had been laid in 1816 by "His Serene Highness the Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales," acting—here comes the bump—by the proxy of Alderman Somebody-or-Other, whose name is faded from the old print before us. In spite of that privilege the Coburg, as the theatre was first dutifully called, was a highly scandalous place. A book which we mentioned here last week, "The Stage Life of Mrs. Stirling," by Mr. Percy Allen (Fisher Unwin, 12s. 6d.), gives us a vivid picture of the sort of thing that went on there in the 'thirties and 'forties of last century. Like all the small London theatres of the time, the Coburg was the victim of the dog-in-the-manger policy by which Drury Lane and Covent Garden misused their legal monopoly to prevent others playing the national and legitimate drama which they failed to maintain themselves. If Shakespeare were played across the bridges it must be in a disguised form. "Othello" appeared as "The Moor of Venice," "The Merchant of Venice" as "The Three Caskets." But the safest attraction was melodrama, and melodrama that empurpled the boards with gore. Mr. Allen quotes an account of the performance of "Oliver Twist" at the Coburg:—

"The murder of Nancy was the great scene. Nancy was always dragged round the stage by her hair, and after this effort Sikes always looked up defiantly at the gallery, as he was doubtless told to do in the marked prompt copy. He was always answered by one loud and fearful curse, yelled by the whole mass like a Handel Festival chorus. The curse was answered by Sikes dragging Nancy twice round the stage, and then, like Ajax, defying the lightning. The simultaneous yell then became louder and more blasphemous. Finally, when Sikes, working up to a well-rehearsed climax, smeared Nancy with red ochre, and taking her by the hair (a most powerful wig) seemed to dash her brains out on the stage, no explosion of dynamite invented by the modern anarchist, no language ever dreamt of in Bedlam, could equal the outburst."

Such was the atmosphere in which Fanny Stirling served the apprenticeship that did not prevent her becoming a great, if always rather exaggerative, actress. Her grandson's account of the romance of her stage-career is a fascinating bird's-eye glimpse of the conditions of the early and mid-Victorian stage. Our concern, however, is still with the Coburg, or Vic. It is not surprising to read in Mr. McDonald Rendle's reminiscences that Charles Kingsley and other reformers raised energetic protests against a state of affairs in which the

A REMARKABLE WORK COSTING £50,000

Hutchinson's STORY OF THE BRITISH NATION

NO illustrated art work, adequate or worthy of the subject, has yet appeared unfolding the romantic and fascinating story of the British Peoples at home and throughout the world from ancient times to to-day.

For the first time Leading Historians, including Prof. J. E. Lloyd, M.A., D.Litt., J. A. R. Marriott, M.A., M.P., Sir Richard Temple, Bart., C.B., C.I.E., The Very Rev. W. H. Hutton, D.D., Prof. K. H. Vickers, M.A., F.R.Hist.S., A. D. Innes, M.A., W. F. Reddaway, M.A., F.R.Hist.S., P. Vellacott, D.S.O., M.A., Prof. R. S. Rait, C.B.E., M.A., give a popular, connected, and up-to-date account of this wonderful story, and their narrative, added to the *thousands of pictures and maps* which will appear, enable us to visualise the life of every age as if we were actually living at the time.

Hutchinson's STORY OF THE BRITISH NATION gives illustrations of the social life in these islands years earlier than has hitherto been possible. It gives pictures even of scenes in the Glacier Age many thousands of years ago. We can not only say what our very early forefathers were doing 2,000 or more years ago, but we can show it—not by imaginary pictures, but by accurate and authoritative drawings made by the most skilled artists from first-hand sources. Many pictures have been specially painted for this work by eminent artists.

From an educational standpoint such a history is indispensable, numbering as it does the most distinguished historians among its contributors, while to every member of the household it will come as a work of pleasure and instruction, as did Hutchinson's "History of the Nations," with which the present work is uniform.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the importance of fine illustrations in a history, both as an addition to interest and as a vivid aid to accuracy.

A feature of the work is the beautifully-coloured plates, each painted by a well-known artist and worth more than the cost of the entire part.

Never before has a collection of British historical paintings so wide in scope and varied in subject been given to

the reading public. These pictures, more than 2,000 in number, include:—

Celebrated Men and Women
Naval and Military Battles
Manners and Customs
Arts and Crafts

Trade and Industry
Science and Discovery
Valour
Religion

Fact is stranger and more gripping than fiction, and this study of the life and work of our ancestors and the story of their times should prove of more interest than the wildest romance.

It is a narrative of personal meaning to every man and woman here and overseas, a picture of the life of their ancestors for more than three thousand years.

The entire work, with its 2,000 or more illustrations, is beautifully printed on the finest art paper, specially made for the work by a famous English mill.

Why you should subscribe to Hutchinson's STORY OF THE BRITISH NATION.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. It is the most sumptuous British History ever produced | 9. Many paintings by famous artists. |
| 2. The book is entirely new. | 10. Exquisitely printed on the finest English art paper throughout. |
| 3. The history of our ancestors appeals to everyone. | 11. Many maps and diagrams appear. |
| 4. The work is scholarly yet popular. | 12. It is a work to read and discuss. |
| 5. Written by eminent historians | 13. It will broaden your mind. |
| 6. It combines pleasure with instruction. | 14. It is wonderful value. |
| 7. It is a standard and necessary work for your home. | 15. Costing over £50,000 to produce. |
| 8. Some 2,500 magnificent pictures are included. | 16. You can get it for 1s. 3d. per Part. |

Write for illustrated prospectus free, or, better still, see Part I., at all Booksellers, Stalls, and Newsagents in London. Hutchinson & Co. (Dept. 12), Paternoster Row, E.C. 4.

Don't Miss PART I. (Ready To-day, 1/3.)
IT IS RECORD VALUE

108 ILLUSTRATIONS 2 COLOURED PLATES

Printed throughout on Art Paper.
A popular Introduction and the Story of the Early Britons by Prof. J. E. LLOYD, M.A., D.Litt.
Remember, the cost is **ONE PENNY A DAY.**
trifling—only

LIFE ASSURANCE PLUS—!

THE Australian Mutual Provident Society is Mutual.
That is to say, all Surplus, without deduction, belongs to the Policy-holders themselves, and is distributed yearly. Moreover, the Society, established in 1849, has been for many years the largest and most prosperous British Mutual Life Office. Why is this? Because it offers to Assurers the acme of security and profit, and because its satisfied members are its best advertisement. Why are policies with the A. M. P. Society so profitable? Because its premium rates are below the average, its expense rate is very moderate, its effective interest rate is very high and its mortality experience is exceptionally favourable.

The A. M. P. Society should be covering you. You will be sent full particulars on application. Please mention this publication.

EVERY YEAR A BONUS YEAR.

Assets, £47,000,000. Annual Income, £8,750,000.
New Ordinary Business for 1920, £10,500,000.

Cash Surplus (Ordinary Department) divided for 1920, £1,324,000.

AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY.

London Office: 37, Threadneedle Street, E.C. 2.

W. C. FISHER, Manager for the United Kingdom.

THE VERY LATEST BOOK on MARRIAGE

You have often read announcements of many other of our clean sex books, and will admit their exceedingly high standard.

In this new volume—"Wise Wedlock"—the author, Dr. G. Courtenay Beale, has given his best. It is undoubtedly the most complete book ever published on questions affecting marriage relationships. In our monthly magazine "Health and Efficiency" we had recently some instructive articles on Birth Control which are bringing hundreds of enquiries. These prove that the greatest need in Sex Literature to-day is a frank, unequivocal volume which will answer these questions in a clear and clean manner. You will find all the information you have long sought in

Wise Wedlock 6/9

Other books have touched the fringe of the subject, but in "Wise Wedlock" you will have all your questions answered. Write now, to address below, enclosing cheque or postal order for 6s. 9d., and the book will reach you by return post in sealed cover. A copy of "Health and Efficiency" will be sent with the book.

HEALTH PROMOTION, LTD.,
Dept. 122, 19-21 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C. 4.

THE LIFE-BOAT SERVICE ASKS FOR YOUR SPECIAL HELP IN—1922

FOR FOUR REASONS

- 1 It is YOUR Service. The British People themselves maintain it. No subsidy from the State.
- 2 Who knows when YOU or YOUR FRIEND may not need its help?
- 3 The Life-Boat Institution is the ONLY CHARITABLE SOCIETY in the BRITISH ISLES which maintains a GREAT NATIONAL SERVICE.
- 4 In 1921 the Institution spent over £100,000 more than it collected, owing solely to expenditure on Motor Life-Boats and their Sluwers—Boats which can save lives BEYOND THE REACH of any other human aid.

WILL YOU HELP TO SAVE THEM

by becoming a subscriber—however modest your contribution—and by remembering the Life-Boats in your Will?

LORD HARROWBY, GEORGE F. SHEE, M.A.,
Hon. Treasurer. Secretary.
ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,
22, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C. 2.



TERRY'S Lever Grip saves time

In handy, compact form, secure, yet easy of reference, cuttings, extracts, proofs, records, correspondence, may be kept by it. Arms may be folded on package or used to hang package from a nail.

It is valuable as a book holder when extracting, whilst for pocket use, it makes a compact bundle of the papers a man usually carries.

2/8 for 12 assorted. From your stationer. List free on request.

HERBERT TERRY
& SONS, LTD.
MANUFACTURERS,
REDDITCH, ESTD. 1855. ENG.

Are you a cyclist or motor-cyclist? If so send now for details of Terry's Spring Seat Saddle. Its springs take the stings from cycling. Booklet post free.

amusements of the people were—not through the sole fault of the theatre-managers—simply an instrument of degradation. For a time, we believe, the Vic became a music-hall as undesirable as the drama-house it used to be. Then it passed through a period of sobering retirement as a Coffee Palace. And then —

"Look here upon this picture, and on this." We are in 1922 and "The Merchant of Venice" is being played at the "Old Vic." There is still the old-fashioned horseshoe-shaped auditorium, with the overhanging tiers, and an "apron," original or restored, projecting before the proscenium arch. The theatre is still a people's playhouse with cheap prices; it is still filled with the same alert and demonstrative local audience, though their manners are nothing like those of their riotous predecessors, whom Edmund Kean called to their faces "a set of ignorant, unmitigated brutes." But it is the performance that is most remarkable. First, the play is given without excisions, at any rate without any excisions that matter. It is the play Shakespeare wrote, not the play somebody has with a kindly feeling constructed out of Shakespeare's materials. Next, the scenic arrangements are of a happy simplicity—not the involuntary simplicity of a few battered and inappropriate stock "cloths," but the simplicity of artistic purpose. Lastly, the acting, though it retains from tradition the habit of unrolling the Shakespearian line as poetry, not chopping it into prose, is entirely purged of bombast and sensationalism. Such is the form of entertainment which a transpontine audience not barely tolerates, but keenly judges and enjoys to-day. What has happened is that some wise persons have made an act of faith in the essential sanity and appreciative power of the ordinary man and woman. One is reminded of some shrewd words of Dr. Percy Dearmer in speaking of church decorations and services:—

"We middle-aged ministers may be incurable; but young men readily imbibe a right understanding in all æsthetic matters, since it is natural for us to like true and beautiful things, and our preference for what is bad, when this preference exists, is only the result of painfully acquired habits. Every child likes an old Christmas carol, and the color of green grass, and you can teach any girl in a milliner's shop to have an eye for good color in a few weeks. No one really prefers 'ecclesiastical green,' still less 'church violet,' to the colors of God."

So, too, no one really prefers "Chu Chin Chow" to the "Midsummer Night's Dream." No one really likes a mangled Shakespeare play any more than a restored cathedral. Not even an audience in Shaftesbury Avenue.

Before drawing our moral we ought to say a word about Mr. Ernest Milton's interesting *Shylock*. One could foresee that a reaction was due against the Irving tradition of a Hebrew-prophet *Shylock*, hewing Antonio in pieces like Agag before the Lord. All that religious sublimity overbalances the play. Of course, decent people, at the Old Vic and elsewhere, cordially dislike an anti-Semitic play, and are glad of an excuse to think that *Shylock* was not a mere villain. Unluckily—

"That is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew"—

and he must be acted as he is written. Consequently there is nothing very dignified about Mr. Milton's *Shylock*. But it is a stimulating novelty to see *Shylock* treated as a realistic Ghetto study. Did M. Moscovitch start the fashion? Mr. Milton gives you the Yiddish whine, and the expostulatory hands, and a touch of *diablerie* in the vein of Svengali, which Herbert Tree, curiously enough, omitted from his own tediously patriarchal *Shylock*. What evaporates in such a reading is the sombreness and strength of the character. You cannot dispense with those baleful eruptions of hatred which give such terrific force to the *Shylock* of Mr. Farmer Skein, one of the best players of this part in modern days. None the less, Mr. Milton shows a delicate imagination both in his pathetic and his sinister strokes.

We do not remember seeing the little episode beginning "Have by some surgeon, *Shylock*, on your charge," better done. The immobile insolence of the retort after a long examination of the bond was freezing, and an accurate piece of racial psychology.

We reach our conclusion. This pioneer enterprise requires £30,000 to meet the structural demands of the L.C.C. It is very rightly making a start with self-help, and it has a claim for subscriptions on everybody who cares for our theatrical future. But it ought not to be left to shoulder so staggering a burden by its own resources. The Old Vic, because it is a theatre drawing its sap from the people, because it devotes itself chiefly to our national classics, because but for the cruel ill-luck of its structural defects it would probably pay its own way, deserves public recognition. There would be nothing really extravagant in the idea of making it the basis of a National Theatre. More practical, perhaps, would be the policy of making it the proposed Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, an enterprise which, we understand, has large funds at its disposal. And there is a third possibility. Why should it not receive the rank and subvention of a municipal theatre? The L.C.C. is rightly solicitous about London entertainments; its negative activities are great—some may think a trifle excessive. Let it vindicate them by a positive achievement, no longer just prohibiting what is bad, but promoting what is good. That would add immensely to its moral authority. In its worst days this house took pleasure in describing itself as "Queen Victoria's own Theayter." Why not make that presage of public status come true?

D. L. M.

MUSIC.

ENGLISH MUSIC IN PRAGUE.

It is not easy to discover any reason for a musical affinity between England and Bohemia. The student of comparative folklore might perhaps point out that England's national opera has a Bohemian Girl for heroine, and that "The Bartered Bride" obviously derives its subject from the English custom, familiar to all foreigners, of selling our wives at Smithfield. There recurs to my memory a day at Loreto, when I fled from the noise of an Italian choir reverberating through those marble halls that surround the alleged holy house of the Virgin, and took refuge in a side-chapel, where more harmonious sounds greeted my ear. It was a choir of Bohemian pilgrims; but I fancy that what produced the sense of familiarity was that they were singing a popular German melody of the nineteenth century that had found its way into English manuals of musical devotion.

The encouragement that is being given to English music in Prague at the present moment is due in the first place to the unromantic fact that the new Czecho-Slovak Government desired to cultivate the interest of English people, and, for that purpose, organized performances of Czecho-Slovak music in England. It must not be supposed that any English Government would be so wasteful of public money. As far as English initiative was concerned the performance of English music in Bohemia is a matter of private enterprise. Mr. Adrian Boult, on January 5th, conducted an English concert at Prague with the Prague Philharmonic orchestra. The programme consisted of George Butterworth's two folk-song Idylls, Arthur Bliss's "Mélée Fantastique," and Elgar's Symphony in E-flat, with the addition of some madrigals and folksong arrangements sung by the "English Singers." Prague certainly did its utmost for its English guests. A special performance of "The Bartered Bride" was given at the National Theatre on the afternoon before the concert. It is an



Don't be put off with any other 'just as good' polish. You can get 'Nugget' at all good shops.

Make no mistake—insist on getting

“NUGGET” BOOT POLISH

WHY 'NUGGET'? Because by specifying it on your order you make absolutely certain of getting the polish which gives a quick shine—a lasting shine—a waterproof shine.

'Nugget' is made in the following colours: Black, Brown (Tan), Dark Brown, Toney Red, and White for Patent Leather. It is sold everywhere in tins at 4d. and 6d. The 'Nugget' Outfit should be in every home. Sold everywhere, in metal case, at 2/6.

No. 810

C.F.H.

THE RACE WITH DEATH IN RUSSIA.

Extracts from a Worker's Letter.

- ¶ The number of people seen dead in the streets of Buzuluk is greater than ever.
- ¶ The reason why the district of Oosmanovskaya had not sent to our warehouse for the supplies for their kitchens was because the whole of the famine committee had either died or were ill from typhus.
- ¶ The people in the district are too feeble to bury their dead and corpses are being thrown into sheds instead of being buried.
- ¶ It is absolutely essential that we increase the amount of feeding very considerably; otherwise the 50,000 which we are feeding at present will simply be 50,000 orphans, stranded without anyone to take care of them.

Gifts in kind, and Clothing (new or partly worn), may be sent to the Warehouse, 5, New Street Hill, London, E.C.4.

- ¶ We urge you to do even better than your best.

Send your subscriptions, clearly earmarked Friends' Relief Committee (for Russia), to Russian Famine Relief Fund, Room 9, General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C.2.



The Chair that makes going to bed a trouble!

A perverse old sinner is the Buoyant chair. It puts you to sleep, and won't let you go to bed. The system of springing is the product of an unexampled and unique craftsmanship, and hidden in the depths of an enormous softness there is a character which nothing can break.

BUOYANT

EASY CHAIRS & SETTEES

All good Furnishing Houses sell Buoyant Chairs. Coverings can be chosen from your own Furnisher's Stock. Prices from 7 Guineas

You should read "The Book of Comfort." Free. Send a postcard

The BUOYANT UPHOLSTERY Co. Ltd. SANDIACRE NOTTINGHAM

Have a fill?

PLAYER'S NAVY MIXTURE

"Pipe Perfect"

IN THREE STRENGTHS.

White Label.	Mild and Medium.
10 $\frac{1}{2}$ D.	1/-
Per Oz.	Per Oz.

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM.
Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.
P. 871

opera which is fairly often given in Germany, in spite of the fact that serious German musicians have little appreciation of Bohemian composers. It was acted once by a German company in London, and would have been acted in English at Oxford if the war had not prevented the performance. It is certainly an opera that ought to be given in English, for its gaiety and charm would secure it wide popularity. But to appreciate these to the full one must see it in its own country. It has become the fashion since Czecho-Slovakia became independent for ladies to wear the national peasants' costumes on festive occasions. A performance of "The Bartered Bride" is always the moment for a display of this kind, and the audience was full of figures which looked as if they had overflowed from the stage.

The Bohemians have their share of Slav "temperament," and the English visitor cannot fail to be struck with it when he hears their orchestras; but their own opinion is that they are by far the most level-headed of the Slav nations, perhaps the only Slav nation to which the epithet "level-headed" could possibly be applied. In "The Bartered Bride" the half-witted suitor is a laughable figure; a Russian composer would have given him a spiritual significance. That he ends by joining a travelling circus would, no doubt, have been taken by a German composer to mean that he was a romantic idealist forsaking the bourgeois delights of matrimony for the love of art.

Perhaps it is this level-headedness that makes the link between Bohemia and England. In England we have for many years been devoted to the music of Dvorák and Smetana; Dvorák indeed has been a strong influence on some English composers, whereas in Germany he counts for nothing. In England we have only just passed through the folksong phase in artistic music which Bohemia experienced half-a-century ago. George Butterworth's Idylls struck local musicians as rather primitive, but there was something in them which made a genuine appeal, and there was no doubt that the audience enjoyed them. They gained a new beauty from the characteristic excellence of the Bohemian wood-wind players, noticeable especially in the case of the hautboys, which have a much broader and warmer tone than those of England and France. There was much enthusiasm over Arthur Bliss's "Mélée Fantastique," particularly among the younger and more advanced section, though some of the critics found it rather beyond them. The symphony of Elgar received a magnificent performance, for it had been very carefully and conscientiously rehearsed, but it was the least inspiring item of the programme. How greatly Elgar's music gains in the hands of Slav players was at once apparent when the Bohemians played his Quartet in London. At Prague, too, the symphony was whipped into life by the amazing attack of the Bohemian orchestra. Its pomp of chivalry, so difficult for modern England to regard seriously, can at least be staged successfully in the Near East, where legends are of longer life. But critical minds in Prague had no illusions about it. As one of them observed, the three English composers represented three tendencies which were little different from those of Central Europe—Butterworth making a conscious return to the simplicity of folksong, Bliss the modernist and "masterly blender of orchestral color," and Elgar "the Pope of music, the man of ripe experience, the conservative who has gone through the school of Liszt's technique, and there fixes, more or less, the boundaries of music."

To associate the "English Singers" and their madrigals with this programme was inappropriate, but it was not possible to arrange a separate concert for them. They would have sounded better in a smaller and less resonant hall. They started rather nervously, as well they might, and not altogether in tune, but they soon acquired their normal confidence, and were rewarded with unexpected enthusiasm. Continental audiences

generally expect more in the way of obvious vocal power than the "English Singers" supply, and their easy demeanor, sitting as they do at a table and singing with their music-books in front of them, might well have surprised people accustomed to a more exact etiquette of the platform. But the Prague audience, and the critics too, recognized at once that these six singers were musicians through and through. The leader of the Bohemian Quartet, who was present at the concert, paid them the high compliment of saying that their *ensemble* was like good string quartet-playing. Choral music is as popular in Bohemia as it is with us; modern compositions in that line are often crowded with difficulties and demand a style of singing which to English ears savors a little too much of virtuosity. The "English Singers" were admitted to have sung with virtuosity, but it was a virtuosity that was always kept in subjection to true musicianship. Their success was so overwhelming that they were requested to sing another group of madrigals at the end of the concert, after the Elgar Symphony, and this group was obliged to extend itself almost to the length of their two previous appearances. Vaughan Williams's setting of "As I walked out one morning" had to be repeated three times, and it was small wonder that the audience were captivated by the beauty of its original effects of vocal color. It was much regretted that the "English Singers" could not remain in Prague to give another concert; even the few representatives of British diplomacy who were present began to think, after the concert was safely over, that they might really commit themselves so far as to invite the members of the German and other Legations to hear what England could produce in the way of music. The native population left no doubt whatever that when the "English Singers" return to Prague in April they will have a full house.

EDWARD J. DENT.

Exhibitions of the Week.

Royal Academy: Winter Exhibition, Forty-seventh Year.
Exhibition of Works by recently deceased Members.

THIS exhibition irresistibly recalls another Academy, in the city of Bologna, where may be seen the works of a school of artists who, from not dissimilar causes, had completely lost their way. Of them an author hardly revolutionary in his opinions on art has wisely written:—

"Although it would be unfair to depreciate the talent and skill of these late masters, their works are unsatisfactory owing to the absence of any definite aim or indication of progress, and from the obvious pains which have been taken to reproduce trite themes in an interesting manner."

This might as truly have been written about Sir E. J. Poynter and Mr. Briton Rivière as about the brothers Caracci. These painters knew all that had been discovered about the so-called laws of perspective and the art of "composition" on its more mechanical side, but these capacities practically completed their equipment. Whatever powers of vision or of feeling they may have had, they had allowed to be smothered under the monstrous elaboration of their painted perspectives. They had no means at their disposal for the statement and emphasis of a theme, even if they had retained the power of recognizing one. Their appeal is really hardly artistic at all: they can touch only the lower and purely human feelings for sentiment and sensation. The Italians are, indeed, more noisy than the British, though they are equally hollow. But the exhibition should be visited: so complete a collection of this kind of work will probably never be seen again. The technical skill shown in the imitation of perspective in oil-paint is quite extraordinary, and the inspection of the variety of ways in which a point can be completely missed is at least interesting. Also, there are a number of the best works of a painter who was a true artist, William Strang. The self-portrait (No. 66), which has fortunately been pur-

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED.

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF HACKNEY.
APPOINTMENT OF MALE SENIOR ASSISTANT IN PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

THE BOROUGH COUNCIL invite applications for the above appointment, which, under the Council's scale, is a Class 4 position, at a commencing salary of £220 per annum. The maximum salary of the Class is £300 per annum.

The salary, which is payable monthly, is subject to review as the Board of Trade index figure of the cost of living falls below 100 per cent. above pre-war level. The salary is also subject to a percentage deduction in accordance with the provisions of the Council's Superannuation Act, 1908.

Applicants for the position must have had practical experience in a systematically classified library.

The appointment will be held during the pleasure of the Council, subject to one month's notice on either side.

The person appointed will be required to pass satisfactorily a medical examination within fourteen days of appointment and before entering upon the duties.

Applications, in candidates' own handwriting, must be made on printed forms to be obtained from the undersigned on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope, and be accompanied by copies of not more than three testimonials of recent date.

Applications must be endorsed "Senior Male Assistant," and delivered to the undersigned not later than 5 o'clock p.m. on Monday, February 13th, 1922.

Canvassing members of the Council, directly or indirectly, is strictly prohibited, and will be deemed a disqualification.

R. H. R. TEE,

Town Clerk.

Town Hall,
Hackney, E.8.
January 16th, 1922.

ST. ANDREWS SCHOOL FOR GIRLS COMPANY LTD.

ST. LEONARDS SCHOOL, ST. ANDREWS.

THE COUNCIL invite APPLICATIONS for the OFFICE of HEAD MISTRESS, which is now vacant. It is proposed that the new Head Mistress shall begin her duties in September.

All information and forms of application may be obtained from the Secretary, St. Leonards Lodge, St. Andrews, Fife.

Applications should, if possible, be forwarded not later than February 15th, 1922.

PRINTING AND PUBLISHING.—A young man desiring to take up the craft of Printing as a career is required as working Partner, with investment of £500-£750, in a newly-established Private Press, in country, near London.—Full particulars to Box N. A. 19, THE NATION and THE ATHENÆUM, 170, Fleet-street, E.C. 4.

LADY (20) requires appointment. Excellent English, French, typing.—Write E. H., 44, Elsenham-road, E. 12.

TRAVEL.

PRIVATE SOCIAL TOURS.

Gentlemen and Ladies.	First-Class throughout.
Feb. 3.—GREAT CITIES OF ITALY.	5 weeks. 98 gns.
Feb. 9.—MYSTIC WONDERLAND OF N. AFRICA.	(Algeria-Tunisia, the Desert).
Mar. 6.—SICILY and CALABRIA.	5 weeks. 117 gns.
Later.—GREECE, SPAIN, &c.	5 weeks. 98 gns.
Programmes of these and other tours from MISS BISHOP, F.R.G.S., 159, Auckland Road, S.E. 19.	

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.

IDEAL RESIDENCE. TURKISH BATHS. MASSAGE. LIFT.
Sun Lounge.

ELOCUTION.

Mr. CHARLES SEYMOUR gives PRIVATE LESSONS in PUBLIC SPEAKING to Politicians, Law Students, Lecturers, Preachers, and others, imparting confidence to the speaker and ability to THINK and SPEAK simultaneously.—448, Strand (Charing Cross), W.C. 2.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.—MARION MCCARTHY. Specially graduated course indispensable to those engaged in Public Work.—Apply 16, Hallam St., Portland Place, W. 1.

EDUCATIONAL.

BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE.

Principal: Miss STANSFELD.

Students are trained in this College to become Teachers of Gymnastics, Games, &c. Fees, £185 a year. For particulars, apply The Secretary, 37, Lansdowne-road, Bedford.

PINEHURST, CROWBOROUGH (SUSSEX).

Country School for Girls.

House in grounds on edge of Moorlands, between 600 and 700 feet above sea-level.

Principal, Miss H. T. NIELD, M.A. (Vict.), Class, Tripes (Camb.). Prospectus on application.

TIPTREE HALL, ESSEX, under the direction of Norman MacMunn (B.A. Oxon.), author of "The Child's Path to Freedom" (Bell): an education based on realities and the discipline of life. Prospectus on application.

THE HOME SCHOOL, GRINDLEFORD, DERBYSHIRE.

A "New Ideals" school for girls and boys in the Peak district. Boarders taken from seven years of age. Very healthy climate. Large playing fields. Moderate fees.

Rev. F. W. PIGOTT, M.A. (Oxon), Principal.

AUTHOR'S MS. and GENERAL TYPEWRITING WORK.

High quality work. Is. 2d. per 1,000 words, carbon copy included.—GIBSON-PHILLIPS AGENCY, 4, Dorset-street, Fleet-street, London, E.C. 4.

THE AUTHORS' ALLIANCE are prepared to consider and place MSS. for early publication. Literary work of all kinds dealt with by experts who place Authors' interests first. Twenty years' experience. Please note new address: 83 and 84, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2.

TYPEWRITING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION carefully and promptly executed at home, is. per 1,000 words; carbon copy, 8d. per 1,000 words. Duplicating. Cambridge local. Special terms for over 25,000 words.—Miss Nancy McFarlane, 11, Palmeira-av., Westcliffe, Essex.

TYPEWRITING, is. per 1,000 words; 3d. carbons. Illegible writing a speciality. Revision undertaken. Reduction on large orders. Over 200 testimonials.—Expedient Typing Co., 32, Rosebery Avenue, E.C. Phone: Holborn 5861.

BOOKPLATES designed and engraved by Osbornes, Artist-Engravers, 27, Eastcastle Street, London, W. 1. An original design exclusive to each client. Write for particulars, post free.



BURBERRYS

1922 SALE During January

Weatherproofs, Weatherproof Overcoats, Golf and Lounge Suits, Ready-for-Use or to Measure.

STOCKS OF GOODS

left on hand through the failure of the World's markets have been

BOLDLY WRITTEN DOWN

and Burberrys are

Lowering Prices without considering costs.

Full List and Conditions of Sale for Men, Women, Boys, sent on request.

BURBERRYS LTD. Haymarket S.W. 1 London

PUTTICK & SIMPSON

[Established 1794]

LITERARY, FINE ART, AND
PHILATELIC AUCTIONEERS

Telephone Nos. GERRARD 3716 & 3717

Valuations undertaken for probate, fire, family distribution, etc.

47, LEICESTER SQ., LONDON, W.C. 2

LONDON JOINT CITY & MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

Chairman:

The Right Hon. R. McKENNA

Joint Managing Directors:

S. B. MURRAY

F. HYDE

E. W. WOOLLEY

Subscribed Capital - £38,116,815

Paid-up Capital - 10,860,565

Reserve Fund - 10,860,565

Deposits (June 30th, 1921) - 371,322,381

HEAD OFFICE: 5, THREADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON, E.C. 2

OVER 1,550 OFFICES IN ENGLAND AND WALES

OVERSEAS BRANCH: 65 & 66, OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON, E.C. 2

AFFILIATED BANKS:

BELFAST BANKING CO. LTD.

Over 110 Offices in Ireland

THE CLYDESDALE BANK LTD.

Over 160 Offices in Scotland

chased under the terms of the Chantrey bequest, is a most excellent work: so is his portrait of Blanche Sorel (No. 219), and his painting "Laughter" (No. 194) shows that simple, strong design and gay color which were characteristic of his best painting. Strang's work stands out with startling clarity in this exhibition.

E. S.

Forthcoming Meetings.

- Sat. 21. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Evolution of Organ Music," Lecture I., Dr. C. Macpherson.
- Sun. 22. South Place Ethical Society, 11 a.m.—"A Lesson of the Day," Mr. John A. Hobson.
- Mon. 23. King's College, 5.30.—"Recent Developments in German Education," Lecture I., Dr. J. Steppat. King's College, 5.30.—"National States of the Middle Ages: Wallachia and Moldavia," Dr. R. W. Seton-Watson.
- King's College, 6.—"Brazil," Prof. G. Young.
- Royal Institute of British Architects, 8.—"Architectural Draughtsmanship," Prof. W. Rothenstein.
- Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"Inks," Lecture I., Mr. C. Ainsworth Mitchell. (Cantor Lecture.)
- Royal Geographical Society, 8.30.—"Luristan," Mr. C. J. Edmonds.
- Tues. 24. Royal Institution, 3.—"Physiology as Applied to Agriculture," Lecture II., Dr. F. H. A. Marshall.
- Society for Roman Studies (Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House), 4.30.—"Hadrian's Wall: a History of the Problem," Mr. R. G. Collingwood.
- King's College, 5.30.—"The Work of Peter the Great," Sir Bernard Pares.
- Institution of Civil Engineers, 6.—Discussion on "Control of Trains and Vacuum Brakes."
- Women's Engineering Society (26, George Street, Hanover Square), 6.15.—"Domestic Engineering," Miss Gwynne Howell.
- Birkbeck College, 7.—"Maeterlinck and the Belgian Drama," Mr. Jethro Bithell.
- Sociological Society, 8.15.—"The Steel Industry of South Yorkshire," Prof. Cecil Desch.
- Wed. 25. Royal Institute of Public Health, 4.—"Laboratory Aids to the Diagnosis of Tuberculosis Infection," Mr. A. C. Inman.
- University College, 5.—"The Palace of Minos," Mr. H. G. Spearing.
- King's College, 5.15.—"The Place of the Eighteenth Century in the History of England," Dr. E. Barker.
- Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"Photo-Sculpture," Mr. Howard M. Edmunds.
- Thurs. 26. Royal Institution, 3.—"Sea-Birds and Seals," Mr. Seton Gordon.
- Royal Society, 4.30.—"Boundary Lubrication: the Paraffin Series," Mr. W. B. Hardy and Ida Doubleday; and other Papers.
- University College, 5.15.—"Industrial Unrest," Mr. B. Seeborn Rowntree.
- King's College, 5.30.—"The History of Poland," Mr. L. Wharton.
- Institut Français (Cromwell Gardens, S.W. 7), 9.—"Molière," M. Antoine.
- Fri. 27. Association of Economic Biologists (Imperial College of Science), 2.30.—Discussion on "The Importance of Scientific Research in Forestry."
- Royal Society of Arts (Indian Section), 4.30.—"The Timbers of India and Burma," Mr. A. L. Howard.
- King's College, 5.30.—"Early Renaissance Architecture in Florence," Prof. P. Dearmer.
- King's College, 5.30.—"The Peoples of the Caucasus," Lecture II., Dr. H. W. Williams.
- Royal Institution, 9.—"Journalism," Viscount Burnham.

The Week's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

PHILOSOPHY.

- Baudouin (Charles). *Etudes de Psychanalyse*. Neuchâtel, Delachaux & Niestlé, S. A., 4 rue de l'Hôpital, 8fr.
- *Rayburn (Hugh A.). *The Ethical Theory of Hegel. A Study of the Philosophy of Right*. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 8/6.

RELIGION.

- Ives (Eben. J.). *The Message of Thomas à Kempis*. Student Christian Movement, 32, Russell Sq., 2/6.
- *Jackson (F. J. Fosker). *An Introduction to the History of Christianity, A.D. 590-1314*. Macmillan, 20/-.

- Lesieur (Elizabeth). *The Spiritual Life. A Collection of Short Treatises on the Inner Life*. Introd. by Cardinal Amette. Tr. by A. M. Buchanan. Burns, Oates & Washbourne, 6/-.
- *Wilkinson (Maurice). *Erasmus of Rotterdam (Catholic Thought and Thinkers Series)*. Harding & More, 119, High Holborn, 5/-.

SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS, POLITICS.

- Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. *Notes on Sovereignty from the Standpoint of the State and of the World*. By Robert Lansing.—Hague Court Reports. Great Britain, Spain and France versus Portugal in the Matter of the Expropriated Religious Properties in Portugal. Washington, The Endowment.
- *Chalmers (Dale) and Asquith (Cyril). *Outlines of Constitutional Law, with Notes on Legal History*. Sweet & Maxwell, 12/6.
- Dawson (Lord). *Love—Marriage—Birth Control*. Speech delivered at the Church Congress, Birmingham, Oct., 1921. Nisbet, 1/-.
- *Grotius Society Publications. No. 1. Erasmus' "Institutio Principis Christiani." Chapters III.—XI. Tr. by P. E. Corbett.—No. 2. Sully's Grand Design of Henry IV. from the Memoirs of Maximilien de Bethune, Duc de Sully (1559-1641). Introd. by David Ogg. Sweet & Maxwell, 5, Chancery Lane, 2/6 each.
- Lever (E. A.). *A Primer of Taxation: an Introduction to Public Finance*. King, 2/6.
- Root (Elihu). *Presidential Address at the Fifteenth Annual Meeting of the American Society of International Law, April 27th, 1921*. Washington, D.C., American Society of International Law.

EDUCATION.

- New Educator's Library. *Experimental Psychology and Child Study*.—Ideals, Aims and Methods in Education.—Training in Domestic Work.—Psychology in Education. Pitman, 2/6 each.
- Plister (Dr. Oskar). *Psycho-Analysis in the Service of Education*. Henry Kinsport, 263, High Holborn, W.C.1, 6/-.

MEDICAL.

- Miles (Eustace). *Healthy Breathing*. Methuen, 7/6.
- *Muthu (David C.). *Pulmonary Tuberculosis: its Etiology and Treatment*. Il. Baillière, Tindall & Cox, 8, Henrietta St., 12/6.

LITERATURE.

- *Agate (James). *Alarums and Excursions*. Grant Richards, 7/6.
- Goulter (Mary Catherine). *Schoolday Memories*. Burns, Oates & Washbourne, 1/6.
- *Nietzsche (Friedrich). *Selected Letters*. Ed. by Dr. Oscar Levy. Tr. by Anthony M. Ludovici. Heinemann, 15/-.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

- Dalton (Maurice). *Sable and Gold: a Play in Three Acts*. Maunsell & Roberts, 2/-.
- Farrer (John). *Songs for Parents*. New Haven, Yale Univ. Press (Milford), 5/6.
- Luhman (Habberton). *Kettle-Songs*. Hove, Combridges, 3/6.
- Snow (Royall). *Igdrasil*. Boston, Mass., Four Seas Co., 168, Dartmouth St., \$1.25.
- Williams (Oscar). *The Golden Darkness (Yale Series of Younger Poets)*. New Haven, Yale Univ. Press (Milford), 5/6.

FICTION.

- Couston (J. Storer). *The Lunatic at Large Again*. Nash & Grayson, 7/6.
- Coke (Desmond). *Pamela Herself*. Chapman & Hall, 7/6.
- Figgis (Darrell). *The House of Success*. Dublin, The Gael Co-operative Publishing Society, Ltd., 7/6.
- Fleming (Brandon). *Pillory*. E. V. White, 17, Buckingham St., 2/6.
- Galzer (Jay). *The Street of a Thousand Delights*. Mills & Boon, 6/-.
- Gerard (Louise). *The Necklace of Tears*. Mills & Boon, 7/6.
- McCutcheon (George Barry). *Quill's Window*. Nash & Grayson, 7/6.
- Webster (Henry K.). *Mary Wollaston*. Nash & Grayson, 7/6.
- Wildenbruch (Ernst von). *Envy; a Tale*. Tr. by Elise Traut. Boston, Mass., Four Seas Co., 168, Dartmouth St., \$2.
- Wynne (May). *A King in the Lists*. Stanley Paul, 7/6.

GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

- *Hutton (J. H.). *The Sema Nagas*. Il. maps. Foreword by Henry Balour. Macmillan, 40/-.
- Maurel (André). *A Fortnight in Naples*. Il. maps. Tr. by Helen Gerard. Putnam, 15/-.

HISTORY.

- Australia. *Historical Records*. Series III. Despatches and Papers relating to the Settlement of the States. Vol. III. Tasmania, Jan.-Dec., 1820. Australia, Library Committee of the Commonwealth Parliament.
- *Bridge (John S. C.). *History of France from the Death of Louis XI. Vol. I. Reign of Charles VIII.; Regency of Anne of Beaujeu, 1483-95*. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 16/-.
- Fitzpatrick (Benedict). *Ireland and the Making of Britain*. Funk & Wagnalls, 134, Salisbury Square, E.C.4, 20/-.
- Hutchinson's *Story of the British Nation*. Part I. Il. Hutchinson, 1/3.
- Nightingale (Rev. B.J.). *Early Stages of the Quaker Movement in Lancashire*. Congregational Union of England and Wales, Memorial Hall, E.C.4, 7/6.
- San Francisco Committee of Vigilance Papers, 1851. Ed. by Mary Floyd Williams. Berkeley, Cal., Univ. of California Press.

REFERENCE BOOKS AND ANNUALS.

- Catholic Directory, 1922. Burns, Oates & Washbourne, 3/6.
- China Year-Book, 1921-2. Ed. by H. G. W. Woodhead. 6th Issue. Peking, Tientsin Press (Simpkin & Marshall), 30/-.
- English Clubs in all parts of the World, 1922. Ed. by E. C. Austen-Leigh. Spottiswoode & Ballantyne, 7/6.
- Hazell Annual and Almanack, 1922. Hy. Frowde, Hodder & Stoughton, 5/-.
- Hyamson (Albert M.). *Dictionary of English Phrases*. Routledge, 12/6.
- Library of Congress. *List of American Doctoral Dissertations, 1918*. Ed. by Katharine Jacobs. Washington, Government Printing Office.
- Year's Work in Classical Studies, 1920. Ed. by W. H. S. Jones. Bristol, Arrowsmith, 3/6.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- Bell (Aubrey F. G.). *Lyrics of Gil Vicente*. 2nd Ed. Oxford, Blackwell, 10/6.
- Blue Guides. *Muirhead's London and its Environs*. 2nd Ed. Maps. Macmillan, 12/-.
- Bunting (J. H.). *Is Trade Unionism Sound?* Forewords by Sir Peter Rylands and J. R. Clynes. 2nd Ed. Benn Bros., 8, Bouverie St., E.C.4, 2/6.
- Collins (F. Howard). *Authors' and Printers' Dictionary*. Fifth Ed. Revised. Milford, 3/6.
- Dawson (E. Rieu). *The Causation of Sex in Man*. Third Ed. Il. H. E. Lewis & Co., 136, Gower St., W.C.1, 7/6.
- Philips' Handy Volume Atlas of London. Revised Ed. Philip, 7/6.

